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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

HOW AN ACTRESS WHOM BROUGHT COMFORT INTO A MISERABLE HOME AND AIDED A VICTIM OF THE SLOP SHOPS TO STAVE OFF STARVATION ON AN IMPROVED PLAN; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

AGAIN the bellicose spirit rages with its old fury and we are surrounded by challenges and the rumors of war. One at a time, boys.

Not a single hero fit to take the place of Jesse James in the esteem of the small boy of the period has come to the front yet. What is the dime novelist to do?

To certain of our "fresh" correspondents: Say, now—honest—do you know anything at all about natural history? If so, why will you persist in mistaking a Fox for an ass?

WELL, Harry Sargent can't complain this season. He has got a star who is bound to make "hits" wherever he appears. He will manage John L. Sullivan in his tour over the country.

SOME of the conductors on Vanderbilt's road are so fude in their process of punching the passengers' tickets that we shouldn't wonder, at all, if some day the tables were turned and it were the conductor instead of the ticket that gets the punching.

AMONG the prosperous signs of the times comes the intelligence that Matt. Morgan, one of the staff of accomplished artists employed on the POLICE GAZETTE, a resident of Cincinnati, is building a \$40,000 house in the suburbs of that city.

THE young Virginian, Garland, who shot down another young Virginian named Addison the other day, has been acquitted and cheered by the people who attended the trial. The law calls this fight a duel in old Virginia. Wonder what constitutes a murder according to the Virginia code.

WHAT folly! They are holding up their hands in Boston because a favorite New York actor has two well-authenticated wives. Let them look at home, and find how many of their old favorites on their local stage haven't wives and husbands *de convenance* to the indefinite amount of several.

THE signs of the closing of the seaside season are visible at Coney Island. The rival musicals of the beach are getting up catchpenny musical shows to pay them the balance of salary which the wealthy hotel corporations are too mean to pay them. As usual it is the public that is called on to make up the deficit.

OUR columns show this week a remarkable rivalry in wickedness between the parsons and the actors throughout the country. It is a nip and tuck go-as-you-please of immoral capers between the two privileged classes, with old Satan for umpire and time-keeper, and thus far it seems anybody's race to the goal of perdition.

OVER a hundred women are on trial at Gross Beeskere, in Hungary, for poisoning their husbands, and thirty-five of them have already been found guilty. This is a cue for the wild west. It will never do to let the old world go ahead of us in marital facilities and matrimonial improvements. Chicago wives will probably see their Hungarian sisters and go several points better in the game of Hymeneal bluff. They'll tumble promptly to the new racket at any rate—you may depend upon it.

If there is anything more anomalous than a dandy sailor, we cannot instance it. Yet Newport bristles these summery days with Manta-lini matelots, "swell" lieutenants and nobby master's mates. Why don't they give these land-maneuverers some sea duty that will give them the perfume of tar instead of the odors of Patchouli?

THE *tum tum* crowd of alleged American aristocracy at Newport is topping off the season of inanities with amateur theatricals. What horror! The snobs and snides and cads and dandy landlubber naval officers of that nest, with their noses painted and wooing the naughty dramatic muse! Isn't that tough on the muse, though?

A NEW YORK actress had a favorite parrot stolen the other day and offers a hundred dollars reward for it. The bird is a good talker, and has occupied the artiste's sleeping apartment for five years. Great heavens! And a good talker, too! What that bird could tell! And what a scandal it could raise, if a POLICE GAZETTE reporter should chance to interview it. No wonder there is a big reward offered.

REVELATIONS of the inner working of the insane asylums about New York are creeping out in whispers. Several sane men have been allowed to escape with all their senses, from their imprisonment in these oubliettes, and they are giving the villainy of the managers Terror of a return to their place of torture modulates the plaints of these victims, but the public should raise its voice and demand a full explanation, and a removal of all threats and terrorism.

FOR the most expressive mug of woe, commend us to the chap who has followed the races this season on short horses. What an awful long face such a fellow pulls in these days of afterthought enlightenment, when the races are over. We never would have thought the human countenance capable of such elongation. Has he lost much money? You just bet your sweet life he has. And will it be a lesson to him? Not much; he will do it all over again next season.

THE kidnapping of little Lizzie Selden, of Brooklyn, fully reported in another column, gave that pious fraud Rev. Justin D. Fulton, a chance to work himself in. Elbowing the police out of the way he comes to the front, the canting, sleek old humbug, with the claim that it was he and God who recovered the child. He prayed and induced the Deity to restore the little one. The cheek of this pulpit howler deserved the reward of a good square acknowledgment from the toe of the stoutest number nine of the biggest of the peelers.

If it is right for Mayor Grace and the Park Commissioners to grant a lot of tramps the privilege of encamping as alleged gipsies in the New York Central Park, in order that they may advertise a play at Booth's Theatre, why will it not be the equally correct thing to grant Arthur Wallack's request if he should desire to snipe the City Hall steps for his pa's theatre, and cover the dome of the Court House with streamers and three sheet posters, or even stencil the name of the running attraction across the portrait of Washington in the Governor's room, or on the back of Mayor Grace himself? Why not?

FROM late developments it seems that it is the easiest thing in the world to lodge a sane man in any one of the insane asylums in the vicinity of New York and keep him there until he is really insane. The surprising part of the business is the coolness with which the revelations are received and the lack of any effort to punish the plotters and the physicians who have aided in the plot. If some sane victim who manages finally to escape should revenge himself when free by shooting one of the doctors who tortured him, would the learned judges who receive the revelations of these horrors with such complacency, entertain without keen inquiry the plea of insanity to excuse the murder? We rather guess not. But we put it to their astute legal minds—would they?

THE skeleton of the assassin Guiteau has been scraped clean of its flesh, boiled, polished, wired and set up at the Army Medical Museum in Washington to excite the cupidty of enterprising showmen. The doctors who have analyzed, carved, boiled, stewed and minced the brain of the defunct crank, have also concluded their labors, and as usual disagreed on the question of their subject's insanity. What a disgusting mob of bores these fellows are with their polysyllabic nonsense, their idiotic theories, their senseless wrangles and ridiculous vanity. Are we never to be rid of them? Is there no national authority of sufficient weight to sit on this "medical talent" and squelch it once and for all? The people are weary of the wrangles of ghouls over the mangled remains of Guiteau.

THAT blood-thirsty patriot of the parlor, O'Donovan Rossa, thinks the time for "skirmishing" has come. He doesn't propose, however, to put himself in the van as the boes skirmisher. He thinks that he does his full duty when he "skirmishes" for the ducats and gets them. It is "the other fellow" who is expected to go the front with the dynamite and brave the gallows. You see, there are patriots and patriots.

ANOTHER nasty little yellow cur barking at us. A snivelling boot-licker and panderer to the parsons and Sunday-school hypocrites of Booneville, Mo., keeps a weekly weekly called the *Topic*, alive in that town by covering the sores of the "bum" moralists and lecherous church saints of that town with his journalistic saliva, and thinks it the proper moral caper to spit at us. We note the hiss of this Hutchison thing merely that he may know that we understand his racket—not that we regard him as a fit antagonist. We wouldn't even crush the vermin for dread of its stench. Phew! Let it go in all its moral nastiness.

You remember the Green Mountain highwayman, the midsummer sensation of a romantic watering place—him of the eyes with a bright steel glance, who got away with the funds of several weak-kneed boarders he met on the highway? Well, several mischievous girls have given away the racket. They have produced the veritable robber, a masquerading boarder, and have restored the stolen money and jewelry. But this doesn't relieve the jokers from legal responsibility. The law never sees where the laugh comes in, in such jokes, and if the victims have a mind they can turn the tables effectually and disastrously on the amateur "crooks."

OH, what rot! The papers signalize the beginning of the dramatic season by howling, because "the coming American drama" hasn't come. What do you call the melodramas that are imported from England? Aren't they the old American dramas of the Bowery revamped by the English penny-a-liners? They are the American drama gone and come back again. There is no coming drama therefore. We move in a circle, and so fast, that we have gone clean around the periphery and have overtaken the past. The coming is the gone. Let that paradox quiet the Jeremiahs of the nincompoops of dramatic criticism.

GILMORE got out his battery of artillery, his anvils, his score of big and little drums, and all humbug musical paraphernalia, and drew over fifty thousand people to his benefit concert at Coney Island on August 31st. The affair ended in discord and ill-humor, however, owing to the failure of the railroads to carry the people home promptly. The new oath coined by the twenty thousand who were detained until 4 A. M. before they could secure transportation, were something awful to hear. In the most pretentious attempts to do the grand at Coney Island there is always a snide element that crops out on the part of the rich managers of the place, to spoil all.

To certain moralists of the press who criticize our style of journalism we retort that it is honest, and it is better to be honestly "broad" than bigoted and narrow—rather murky in realism, than "too thin" in hypocrisy. We differ from most of our contemporaries, in that we reflect real vice and facts of real life, and devote all our brilliancy to these reflections; they devote their talents to blurring their mirror and painting it over with grotesque, unnatural moral figures, tinted beyond nature, and symmetrical to a suspicious degree. We think the public prefers viewing things through our clean lens to seeing things "through a glass darkly" as the hypocrite moralists would have it. Therefore read us no more lectures—let the public be the judge.

THE Denver papers declare that Doc. Baggs, the bunko man, has been in the habit of making a liberal divvy in all his swindles, with the Denver judges and city authorities. So it seems this famous Colorado city is not only distinguished by being the abiding place of Judge Jeffries, the POLICE GAZETTE's champion liar—it is also possessed of champion thieves and knucks. Really, Denver is a paradise of the Zig Zags—the Walhalla of the crooked. Janus has a perpetual apotheosis there if the Denver papers are to be believed. But stop—Hasn't Judge Jeffries, our famous liar, something to do with the press there? Doesn't he own a devil or two, or two or three editors or a paper? Sure. That's it. Our famous champion may have had a hand in that editing, so we must take the stories of official crookedness with a handful of salt as an allowance for the Judge's presence. A little of our famous champion would leaven the whole lump of journalistic veracity to such puffed out proportions that to term it a transformation into a gigantic lie would not do full justice to the miracle.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE French horn—A glass of absinthe. SOME girls are just good enough to eat when they are in their sauce age.

THE lah-de-dah cigarette-smoking young man is now styled third-class male matter.

"PEOPLE don't always drink water when at watering-places." No, summer inclined to whisky.

AN editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud said: "Well, that covers the ground anyhow."

In a Leadville church is conspicuously displayed the legend: "Please do not shoot at the organist; he does his best."

"FAT BOY:" "No, you cannot raise chickens from egg plants. You might as well try to raise calves from a cowcatcher."

"HER Face Was Her Fortune," is the title of a popular novel. She was evidently a book agent, and traveled on her cheek.

THE ocean steamer passage-books show that the words, "When I was in Europe," will issue from 60,000 additional mouths next Autumn.

THE castor-oil plant is said to be peculiarly obnoxious to flies; but one can't have a castor-oil plant growing on top of his bald head.

A MINISTER at Brompton, Ont., has been sued by a girl he kissed two years ago; she waited for him to do it again until her patience was clean gone.

"WHAT a nice-looking young man," simpered a lady to her friend, as a youth in the omnibus deposited her nicker in the safety-box. "Yes," was the reply, "I see he is passing fare."

FEELING the bumps on a man's head may discover the chief traits of his nature, but feeling the bumps on a man's foot, especially by treading on them, will develop immediate and unmistakable evidence of a man's character.

THE meanest kind of a mean man is one who, seeing anything lying in a hammock, howls, "dog fight," so that he may see the victim try to get out of the hammock quick and get along about six somersaults with mud in his mouth.

WITHIN 1,000 years we are told the fuel supply of the world will be exhausted, but you'll probably, long ere that time, be where there's plenty of it and no danger of its giving out, so let the folks who'll be left out in the cold do the fretting.

AN eminent scientist says that when a lady cannot sit down without her nose becoming red it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing. Same with gentlemen. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

SEATED one balmy afternoon on the veranda of Mrs. Howe's residence in Newport, Oscar Wilde was heard to remark to a lady who was present: "Strange that a pair of silk stockings should so upset a nation," whereupon a well-known gentleman sitting a little remote from the poet interposed: "It's the calf that is in the stockings."

A CHICAGO lady who had gone into the country at the invitation of some relatives wrote to her husband. "Dear Charley—When I left home I forgot to bring my slippers with me. Send them on at once." She received a telegram the next day to the following effect: "Express companies can't spare room to transport them. Buy a new pair."

"You say you can't pay your rent now?" "No, I can't pay it right now. It takes all my money to support my family, provisions are so high." "When do you think you will be able to pay up?" "Just as soon as beer gets down to five cents a schooner I'll be able to lay up two or three dollars a day, and then I'll be able to liquidate my indebtedness."

IN OSCAR WILDE'S STYLE.

A little boy with a base-ball bat
(Sore is the joint of the left hand thumb),
A stone he shies at a brandie cat
(But the voice of the sobbing is dumb),
For thee, my love, will my strong right arm
(Hoarse is the waa with a liver-pad),
Plow up the stumps in a western farm
(And solid I'll get with your grizzled dad),
O, the red, red rose is red, you bet!
(Autumn is coming my sweet, my sweet);
Maud S. will trot in two seven yet
(Or my name isn't Redheaded Granger Pete).

SAID a pompous individual to a young hopeful, whose parents he was visiting: "Little folks should be seen and not heard." The small boy came to the surface immediately with: "Yes, and big folks should be neither seen or heard; when they don't know any more than you do." Pa says you haven't got sense enough to know when to go home." Sensation.

"CANST tell me, Henrico, why yon fair damsel's tresses are like unto a flower garden?" "Nay, by me troth I cannot, Ferdinand, unless it be that they are trained so artistically." "Thy answer is apt, good Henrico, but thou art far from the true answer. List, whilst I discover it unto thee. A flower garden, thou knowest, is yept a parterre? Well, Henrico, the damsel's tresses are likewise only part hair."

TYING her bonnet under her chin
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the sylvan snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

—[Nora Perry.]

And many a time that little chin
He's heard from since, you bet and win!
And bonnets she's had for her raven hair,
And many a time he's been called a bear;
And now she is throwing her ringlets back,
And says she shall have a sealskin sacque!

"I FEEL I am going, going," said the sick man as the doctor felt his pulse and his wife hung over the foot-board of the bed eagerly watching the physician's face. The patient raised his eyes, and catching a glimpse of her expression, continued in a clearer and stronger voice: "Yes, I feel I am going—going—to get well." Then she left the room suddenly and wept such tears as only a woman can who encounters the crowning disappointment of her life.

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Hamfatters and the Barnstormers
Start Their Annual Procession.

Gossip of the Green-Rooms, Piquant
Scandals of the Side Scenes and Rumors
of the Dramatic Routes.

THAT "Alvin Joslyn" bediamonded Davis
still lives and disports itself. These specimens
can't be killed by sitting down on them.

THERE is war in the "Romany Rye" camp.
The Brooks & Dickson mob have already begun
arranging, not over the division of the spoils, but the
division of the dead sure losses.

AFTER Maggie Mitchell gets through tortur-
ing us (she is to stick to us a whole month) the Flor-
ence "spook" is to walk again at the Park Theatre.
Will these ancient spirits never down?

GUS WILLIAMS, the great and only Dutch
side, is going to give us another week of it in No-
vember. At present he is out west somewhere making
the people understand that life is not worth living.

TONY PASTOR is becoming extremely "tony."
He will run only comic opera at his Fourteenth street
house in New York this season, and will keep a com-
pany on the road to do variety on the strength of his
name, for the rustics.

It's a fine mob that has been engaged to sup-
port Rhea during this season's tour. That's all we
have to say about it, and we don't want to see it. Lord
Hades will come in due time and will come
to us—we shall not go to it—not, at least, voluntarily.

WHEN Nat Goodwin goes all the way to Lon-
don to get a comic Jew to illustrate on the stage, when
he has only to study the box office and front of Hav-
erty's Fourteenth Street Theatre for shoeney effects
we feel justified in saying his jokes are far-fetched.

GREAT gosh! A Shakespearean festival at Cin-
cinnati next May and McCullough, Keene, Barrett and
Mary Anderson are going to act together. There will
doubtless be a great increase in the death rate of Ohio
in May, and the lunatic asylums will begin to fill up
in an astonishing manner.

CHARLEY THORNE presides over the mixed
opening exercises in the Elm Place Congregational
Church. The gas bulb of Columbus, O., crowns the ser-
vices nightly with a benediction of damns. The
waters of Ronkonkoma do not seem to have had a
spiritually cleansing effect.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is at it in full blast at the
New York Park Theatre, in spite of all our warnings.
Nothing but shot guns will do for a certain class of
dramatic crows, and then they often dodge the shot.
Talk about a cat having nine lives! Why— But
we can't do justice to the terrible subject, and there is
no use in trying.

If Mr. E. G. Gilmore knows when he is well
of he will lock himself up in a room in the attic of the
Metropolitan Hotel and fling the key out of the win-
dow every night, so that he may not get near the front
door of Niblo's Garden when the audience is filing in
and interfere with the admirable management of his
partner, John F. Poole.

If Harrigan would cut out the first two acts
of the new drama, "The Blackbird," and play the last
three with a simple change of scene to this country he
would make a go of it. If this isn't done he will have
to open a day school in old Irish history in the front of
the house to educate the gallery patrons of the New
York Comique up to the point of understanding the
nightly performances.

BROOKLYN is Sinns' domain indeed—especially
theatrically—and the Colonel has begun his season at
the Park with a boom that proves the wicked are
mighty and will prevail in Beecher's domain of deceit.
Meantime Haverly, or whatever shoeney may have
scopped in his name in Brooklyn, fails to make a sign
at the Brooklyn Theatre. The Adams street "dead
house" is in the full blast of hamfatted attractions,
however, and the Hebraic goose hangs high.

POOR Sammy of the Entrails—we never saw
him so much cut up as he has been since the failure of
"Taken from Life," in its preliminary trial in Chicago.
They wouldn't have it at all out there. Imagine then
how sad he feels when he faces his contract to pro-
duce the same wretched slush at Wallack's Theatre in
New York. We fear the leak in that Colville balloon
is irreparable, and that viscera bag will never be dis-
tended again to its old proportions.

Oh, Laura Don—what are you giving us?
That "Daughter of the Nile" is the oldest sort of ma-
terial, and the acting of that company you have par-
aded in it is something quite beneath criticism. As for
you, well, you've got together in the role all the fine
poses, all the effective speeches, all the striking situa-
tions you ever filled to your satisfaction, and have
made a hodge podge of them and presented them to
the public. The effect is bewildering and not at all
pleasant.

PIMPLES Gould has his *boudoir d'amour* in
full blast behind the scenes of the Grand Opera House.
Which artist has been selected to christen the lurking
place of the dramatic Pimple and his millionaire com-
rades, the gilded Abscess, the flaming Boils and the
wily and tentacular Cancer is not known. We shall
keep the public well posted, however, on the obscene
orgies of this *oubliette* of the Thalian ogre, and the
triumphs of Pimples shall have due glorification in
our columns.

MR. LARRY BRANNIGAN (*alias* Lawrence Bar-
rett), has begun his agony among the Jews of Phila-
delphia. He's the same small—very small—creature
we have known in the past. There's no change in
Larry, although any change would be for the better,
and there'll be no change in his pockets either, if he
falls in with many Jew managers over the country.
Your Hebraic money-clipping manager has little re-
spect for even an arrogant descendant of the Kings of
Ireland, and even while giving him taffy is quite ca-
pable of picking his pocket of the crown jewels.

EMMA ABBOTT begins her season this month
in the small one-night towns of Illinois. Having
found that travelling on kisses will not support her
any longer she intends to try the effect of her voice on
the untutored minds of the Illinois rustics. We trem-
ble for Emma when she ceases to kiss and to gush

and to humbug and comes out in all the naked enor-
mity of a vocal terror. They'll midget her, sure. They
will not stand such things out west, and if she does not
take an early opportunity of mashing every parson in
town so that she can get her fog horn blessed as a sam-
ple of what Gabriel's bugle is likely to be, she is gone.

DALY and old Slime are going to have a hack
at "Mankind." They were long ago shaken off by
"Womankind," so now they begin to prey with less
hope of success on the human race irrespective of sex.
But the slippery, slimy old shark and his attendant
eel will find that there are no fresh Jonahs floating
around anxious to let him play the biblical whale on
them. A shark is a shark, and old Slime will learn
that the public and the "perfesh" are educated to ap-
preciate the difference between it and a whale. There
is only one thing for him to do—let him turn on his eel
and make a Daly meal of it. Unless, indeed, the eel
manage to swallow the shark which he seems inclined
to do in his fierce hunger.

LAURA DON seems not only to have captured
an author, but an artist, an upholsterer, a dry goods
man and lots of other people, for she announces not
only that she has written the play "A Daughter of the
Nile," but that she painted the models of the scenery,
designed the machinery of the stage, furnished with
her own hands the furniture of the harem scene, the
background of which is made up of camel's hair
shawls worth \$2,500 apiece, and made her own and
several other costumes used in the drama. After this
where is the use of the other "stars" trying to rival her
in artistic attainments? She has filled the bill—
anticipated everything—scooped in all the honors.
Now if she could only scoop in the box office. But
there's where she meets her Waterloo. Old man
Henderson is there, and he does all the scooping in
that quarter.

NEOKTIE HILL has produced his Margaret
Mather as Juliet in Chicago, and has just succeeded in
floating her head above water by the aid of his fleet of
rich galleons freighted with ducats. A very shrewd
trick of his was to have a banquet in progress in the
front of the house while the acting was going on on
the stage. While Margaret was setting in her lace-
work on wretched Shakespeare, Hill was firing slugs
of whiskey and platefuls of chicken salad into the
maw of the critics. Meantime he had a half dozen
secretaries at work in another room writing the critic's
criticisms for them; and manifold telegrams to be
sent over the country by the associated press repre-
sentatives, who also assisted at the high art racket.
Hill was really a greater success on the occasion
than Margaret, for the way he worked the oracle was
truly surprising.

THERE is a church scene in Bronson How-
ard's new play, to be presented at the Madison Square
Theatre in October, which calls for a "chorus of vir-
gins." Virgins? Why, Brother Mallory! Lands
sakes alive! Where are you ever going to get them?
Not in your own company, we'll bet. But the virgins
are not to be seen—they are "off left" when they sing.
Very good, we'll bet they'll be very much "off" vir-
gins if they're picked up around the Madison Square
dramatic meeting house. Hold your horses, parson.
You are going too far with your goody-good realism
when you call for real virgins for stage effects. Why
the churches would have trouble to furnish assorted
"props" of that sort of the proper presentable char-
acter of form and feature, let alone that hypocritical
side show of yours. Virgins! And a chorus of them,
too! That means more than one virgin on the scene
at a time! Well, we should smile!

THAT lanky, conceited, would-be comedian,
R. E. Graham, who was such a great person last sea-
son that he would not travel with Minnie Palmer
unless he had his name rung into the title of the
troupe and unless he was starred as an equal attraction
with her, has been compelled to sing small this year.
He is perfectly willing to take a small salary and sink
into his proper obscurity as the dimly comic sup-
port of a talentless soubrette midget who makes her
most effective dramatic points by a liberal display of
clocked stockings. Graham boomed himself for a
little while by imitating several of Joe Emmett's good
points. Then he set himself up as the equal, if not the
superior of his model, and then the outraged public sat
upon him. The flattened remains will play modestly
enough in Minnie Palmer's stock company this sea-
son. Minnie opens her season at the Arch Street
Theatre, Philadelphia, this season; but we shall not es-
cape her. She will project herself at the metropolis in
October, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

A HAPPY thought. Ned Thorne and "Redney"
Goodwin forgot to tell why their new piece now play-
ing at the Union Square was called "The Black Flag,"
and the author also failed to make any allusion to the
title or to justify it in any manner in the course of the
play. This has put the managers to the trouble and
expense of explaining the title in the papers a week
after the production in the following line: "When a
convict escapes from Portland prison England, they
hoist 'The Black Flag.'" How ignorant we were! If
we had all been in Portland prison we would know all
these things just as the English managers and actors
and shoenies from London via Australia do. But this
is a new country and you must pardon us. We have
everything before us—even the gallows—and there is
no knowing what experience we may be coming to if
we are to be pestered with pieces like this "Black
Flag." One thing is certain, however: if we had had
our way in advance the author would never have es-
caped from the prison and then that flag would never
have been hoisted.

WE rise to a point of information. What pay,
if any, does Mayor Grace take for his services as an
advertisement for shoenies? When Theodore Moss
uses His Honor as a "gag" to give prominence to the
alleged "juvenile opera troupe," which is composed
mainly of young women of eighteen to twenty and
boys ranging in age from fifteen to nineteen, he must
know that he is reducing himself to the proportions of
a theatrical gutter snipe. If he doesn't know it he is
precious green indeed. And knowing it, does he want
us to believe Moss paid him nothing for his service in
pretending he had an idea of stopping the perform-
ance? If so, we say nothing, but we put a forefinger
beside our nose, thrust our tongue in the side of our
left cheek and wink. What that means we leave His
Honor and Arthur Wallack (who, having been em-
ployed as a clerk in the County Clerk's office knows
how to work the City Hall rackets) to translate to
their own satisfaction. Perhaps our meaning may be
clearer at first sight to the public than to them, how-
ever. Anyhow, there are our signals—translate them
according to your lights.

It is amusing to read the paragraphs written
in the Grand Opera House and printed in newspapers

puffing Yardstick Abbey for his taste in theatricals
and a certain bleached, filmy and photographic-neg-
ative sort of nonentity named W. W. Tillotson, who is
supposed to be the manager of the Eighth Avenue
palace of Pimples. How ridiculous, when we know
that both Abbey and Tillotson are absolute ignora-
muses who dare not open their mouths in company
where grammatical symmetry goes for anything, lest
they give themselves away. As if we didn't know, and
all the public, too, that this ignorant pair are only
posing as the soft, senile and daff decoys at the gate of
Pimples' *palais de plaisir*. As if we couldn't see that
the opera house pretense is only a pretense. As if we
couldn't see the radiance of the Pimples, the effluence
of the Boils, the glow of the Abscess and the grasping
tentacles of the Cancers in the background. Pimples
and his inflamed comrades have chosen the right sort
of material in these two managers (!) to mask their
eruptive give-away, but a keen eye can see through
them to the gorgeous pus cavity behind the private
box on the O. P. side, which is draining the whole
house for its support.

THE Birch & Backus burnt cork frauds will
run their metropolitan trap for green countrymen in
Broadway this fall and winter as usual. That there
are countrymen green enough to be taken in by this
dismal pair of alleged artists (!) and jokers, would be
astounding were it not for the fact that the Chatham
street dives also flourish on the contributions of rustics
who think their regular social resorts of the native
born metropolitan. It never enters into the calcula-
tions of these thick-headed delegates from the country
that the San Francisco minstrel hall is a device simply
to catch them and their sweaty dollar, just as the
Chatham street dive is a lure for greenhorns, and that
your genuine New Yorker couldn't be persuaded to go
into such places on any account. Birch & Backus, as
funny men, are the most melancholy sights we can im-
agine. They are thoroughly infatuated with them-
selves, however, and so convinced that they are an
actual and inseparable part of the body corporate of
Gotham, that their arrogant pretense becomes offen-
sive and occasions our objections. These fat and super-
annated clowns are not a part of the metropolis and
far from being a portion of Gotham's "elephant," are
not worthy even to be rated as the spoor of that noble,
frisky and frequently dangerous animal. They are
entirely of some unknown digestion and that is all.
In the metropolis they are unclassified. Please re-
member this, Mr. Hayseed, and don't return home to
decry the melancholy idea of fun entertained by New
York in its antic mood.

THAT Williamsburg, L. I., Novelty Theatre
has been opened again with James O'Neill in his
famous drama, "An American King," which killed the
dog it was tried on in Chicago two or three months ago.
This Williamsburg den needs an exposure badly. It
is run by a junk dealer who knows all about scrap iron
but nothing about dramatic matter. He has an idea
that by gumming out his moustache into spikes he
takes on a truly dramatic appearance, which he as
erroneously supposes is heightened by the nameless
aim he assumes. He moreover has turned his resi-
dence into a hushery where he boards the members of
the travelling companies who may be unfortunate
enough to fall time in Williamsburg, and thus scoops
in for board what he fails to clutch at the box office or
in the deftness of "counting up the house." The dress-
ing rooms of this Williamsburg barn have long been
complained of by the poor fakes who have been com-
pelled to occupy them, not to mention the woe-begone
and funeral surroundings of the house and the man-
agement generally. Such a God-forsaken den is
enough to knock over even the most stubborn Mark
Tapley, of the travelling troupes. A project has been
shot to transform the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith's church,
in Leesavena, Williamsburg, into a theatre to run out
this unpopular old shop, but the management does
not thrust itself forward with a sufficient blare of
trumpets to drown the brassy preliminaries of the old
junk man Williams, of the Novelty. "Rise up, Wil-
liam Riley," and down the greasy slide with the
spiked moustaches. Now is your golden opportunity.

THE new play produced by Maggie Mitchell
at the Park Theatre, on Sept. 2, entitled "Elsa," which
is put forward as an original dramatic work, by C. T.
Dasey, its putative author, we recognize as a mere
stage version of a German romance which is sold at
the book stands for ten cents, entitled "The Vulture
Maiden." There has been no change whatever in the
plot, and the dialogue is carved out of the novel with a
scissors. Mr. Dasey has only written in a little comic
stage business and marked the points where the act
drop is to descend. Really, now, it is cheek in him to
come east with claims as the American dramatist of
the period, and then to set up such a piece as his own
work. Come, now, this is going too far. These fellows,
if they expect to fool the people should at least show
some cunning in their tricks. This one is so transparent
that it is an insult to our intelligence to attempt it on
us. The play doesn't amount to much anyhow. Miss
Mitchell has the part of a romping, wrestling, hoyden,
selfish, selfish, nonsensical sort of person, and to say the
truth labors hard to make the thing go. She has faked
up a scene among the mountain elves and spooks—ice
kings—that is a direct plagiarism of Jefferson's worn
out business with the goblins in Rip Van Winkle. This
business goes very well, but the ideas are old, and in
fact all through the piece the auditor looks in vain for
a novelty in dialogue or action. It is all the old, old
stuff patched up, revamped, turned and used again in
the old cut and dried fashion. Mr. Dasey is respect-
fully informed that his original play is not only stolen
from a bad translation of a foreign novel, but it is not
original in any point of stage business, nor brilliant in
any feature of dialogue or situations. We are not such
fools as you thought us, Mr. Dasey. Put that in your
pipe and smoke it while deliberating on what field you
will raid for your next "original" drama.

ERIC BAYLEY, the English actor, who came
to this country last season with an English company
to play "The Colonel," and who fell among thieves
and was "skinned" most thoroughly in the "counting
up" processes peculiar in America, is now in more
trouble. He had with him as the leading lady of his
company his wife, a handsome young woman who
was billed as "Mindha Bayley," but whose real name
is Mary Matilda. She was a feature of the company
and was supposed to be devoted to her husband. One
season in America, however, seemed to break her all
up, morally, for she had no sooner gone back to Eng-
land to prepare for another season's tour here, when
she skipped away with a hair-parted-in-the-middle
young man named Lilford Arthur, with whom she
came back to New York. Arthur was engaged in the
company rehearsing "Mankind" at Old Slime's theatre,
and there was arrested on August 21, at the instance of
Mr. Bayley. The young Lothario was lodged in Lud-

lowstreet jail, but the lawyers fixed the matter in a
"mutually satisfactory" manner and he was let out to
rejoin the congenial company of the lean eel Augustin
and the rotund old Slime, whose malodorous propin-
quity had already branded the young man for life.
Mrs. Bayley has separated from her husband, but
agrees to abandon her young masher and go back to
England to live with her parents. This is the first
scandalous event of the season over which old Slime
has beamed. The nasty old man has not lost his magic
yet, you see, and the dramatic tank where he deposits
is still the prime cesspool of all the dirty business of
the stage. No angelic asbestos robe could be freed of
its stains after being dipped once in the vat in which
old Slime flounders.

THE SERENADERS AND THE BEES.

A Quaker Bridegroom Upsets a Dozen Hives of
Bees About the Ears of a Party of Serenaders.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At Stillwater, Iowa, a couple of weeks ago, a benevo-
lent Quaker, a Mr. Fox, was quietly married to a
Quakeress. He was not popular with the young bloods
of the town owing to his opposition to gambling and to
drinking saloons, and they determined to give him a
nolay serenade that lasted through the greater part
of his wedding night. They felt assured that they
could carry out this project without fear of retaliation
on his part, since his firm adherence to the peaceful
tenets of his faith was well-known. Fox got wind of
the proposed musical torture, however, and prepared
for it. His "crank" is the cultivation of bees, and
he had twelve large hives on his premises, each of
which contained the largest and fiercest variety of bees.
On the evening of the expected serenade Mr. Fox
conveyed the twelve beehives to the roof of his front
porch, and placed them very near the edge thereof.
He then provided himself with a pole long enough to
reach from his front bedroom window to the bee hives,
and with a sweet and placid expression of countenance
sat down to await the serenaders.

In due time they arrived in force. There were at
least fifty of them, and grouping themselves in the
front yard close to the house they began their uproar.
Mr. Fox listened silently for ten or fifteen minutes,
and then appeared at the window, and with a gesture
induced the musicians to pause. He told them that
they must leave his premises, and that if they refused
they would probably be sorry. With scornful laughter
the young men declined to depart, and drowning Mr.
Fox's voice with ironical cheers, they resumed their
serenade. It was then that Mr. Fox deftly upset his
twelve bee hives with the aid of his pole, and, closing
his window, proceeded to go peacefully to bed, undis-
turbed by the wild yells which suddenly arose from his
serenaders, and without seeking to know why, they
fled headlong from his front yard.

"There wasn't one of them bees that would let up on
a man under three miles," remarked Mr. Fox next day.

THE COMING DRAMATIST FOUND.

He Proposes Himself as a "Police Gazette" Cham-
pion and Wants Only \$1,500.

Among the many cheeky propositions made us,
each invariably calling on us for the production of
various sums of money, we think the following, which
we print *verbatim et literatim*, is no decidedly nerry
and so superlatively impudent as to deserve embalm-
ing in cold type. It is a dramatist who cackles.
Hearken to him and observe the thrilling dramatic
style in which he "strikes" us:

"WILMINGTON, August 29th.

"Mr. Fox—Sir: Knowing that you are a gentleman
in the sporting circles of life I thought perhaps you
would be willing to take hold of a dramatic drama for
the stage something that has no equalled the grandest
play ever placed on the stage. Can be played to
breathing room only it is something new has never
been produced like it before it is copyrighted and
sketched ready to be dramatised but on account of my
position in life I am unable to carry out my plans
through I do not wish any money only to be sup-
ported in the play it will cost fifteen hundred to put it
on the stage, and the receipts of the first show to pay
for costs of putting it on the stage after ten years ex-
perience I consider it will profit me forty thousand
the first year I am willing to give a half interest for
the money to get it up, with if this meets your accep-
tance I will explain my idea of the play and furnish
references in regards to ability and character. Yours
Respect
G. F. YOUNG,
"1,012 poplar, Wilmington Del."

A WOMAN'S SIN.

Bitter Attonement of a Ruined Girl Who Loved Not
Wisely But Too Well.

Several months since a young lady, Alice Asche, of
Lonoke, Ark., left her home telling her mother she
was going on a brief visit to a friend. Some little time
after near Batesville, in a neighboring county, a young
girl who said her name was Alice Jones, was arrested
and sent to prison for abandoning her infant to die
on the highway. Her mother, meantime, had been
hunting for her, and arrived at Batesville in time to
see her on her way to prison. The poor mother was
horror-stricken, and fell fainting to the ground. It
was weeks before she recovered and sought her erring
daughter in the prison. The story the child told was
that she loved a young Lonoke farmer, named
Houndsley, and at last fell before his wiles and sur-
rendered what was most dear. To conceal her shame
she fled to Batesville, where he promised to follow
and marry her. Instead of doing so he fled the state.
Several influential citizens interested themselves in
her behalf, and on the 22d ult. she was pardoned and
released from jail.

CANOEING IN PETTICOATS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

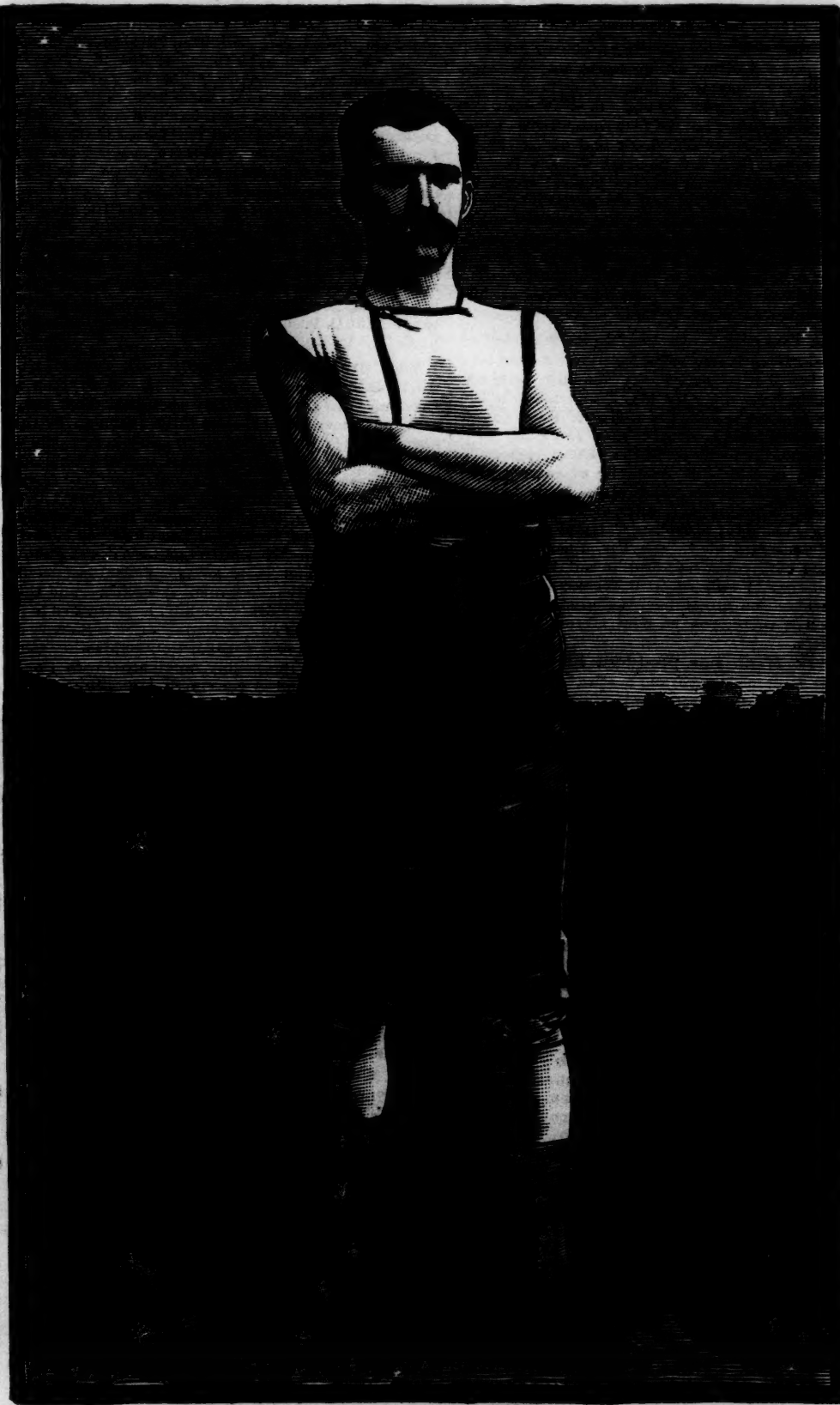
Canoeing is the latest novelty in aquatic sports.
Once the natural skittishness of the craft is overcome
its use is certainly an enjoyable one. One of the most
recent novelties in canoeing is the trip two young New
York ladies have been making by river and canal
from New York through Lake Champlain to Lake
George. Our picture is from a sketch furnished by one
of the neriids herself, and it does the subject justice.
It is safe to assume that there are two girls in Gotham
who have enjoyed themselves better this summer
than if they had spent their time at Long Branch or
Saratoga. Before many summers have passed they
will find many imitators in the circles of aristocracy
of which they are such robust, sensible ornaments.

James L. Downey.

This noted pedestrian, whose portrait we give, brother of the Delmanings, Archie and Den, and Verner Howard, died at Colliers, O., Aug. 16th, 1882. He was born in Brooklyn, November 17th, 1850. In the fall of 1877, he took up pedestrianism as a profession. His first contest was at Gilmore's Garden, in a six-hour walk against time; he accomplished 35 miles. The second was in Passaic City, where he covered the immense distance of 170 miles in 22 hours. His next appearance was at Central Park Garden, on April 7, 1878, where he undertook the feat of walking 400 miles in 100 hours. In this he failed the principal cause being that the track was exposed, and he had to walk with the rain and hail beating down on him; he accomplished 163 miles in 33 hours, when his friends were obliged to insist on his leaving the track, owing to the miserable accommodations. He next entered for the 36-hour championship of America. After covering 57 miles he withdrew from the race; he led Harriman five miles. His next appearance was at the American Institute on June 8, in the 50-mile championship, where he succeeded in making the fastest time on record up to date. The next was on August 3, at Masonic Temple, New York City, an exhibition walk, when he in 18 hours, 6 minutes and 40 seconds, made 100 miles, which is the fastest time for that distance ever made. But he gets no record for it, as it was an exhibition walk. His next was on the 13th of September, same place; he covered 106 1/2 miles in 18 hours and 27 minutes. His next appearance was at Gilmore's Garden for the Smith and O'Leary purse. He covered 76 miles in 15 hours, when he was obliged to leave the track owing to foul play. The next was at the armory of the 5th regiment on February 17, 1879, where he made 15 miles in 2 hours and 15 minutes. He then went to Philadelphia, where he has been giving exhibition walks of 5 and 10 miles twice per day. He beat the best time made by either Harriman or Rowell.

Mr. Downey sailed for England in June, landing at Liverpool on the 10th, but on account of sustaining a sprained ankle in Philadelphia, while training, did not enter as a contestant in the Astley Belt walk, and took passage on June 24 for New York. He then issued a challenge open to all to walk any man from 50 to 100 miles, for from \$3,000 to \$5,000 stakes and the winner to take both stakes and gate money. This challenge was never accepted. Downey then went to Baltimore, and came off winner in some twelve different contests, outstripping every pedestrian of any note in the State of Maryland. There he made the fastest five miles upon record, covering this distance in 38 minutes. He then entered a walking tournament in Providence, R. I., and during the contest broke down but not until he had defeated Pete Crossman, the great English 24-hour walker, who was supposed at that time to be the champion 24-hour walker of the tan-bark world. Three weeks after this contest Mr. Downey returned to Baltimore and issued a challenge to walk any man in the State a six days' match he walking and allowing his opponent to go as he pleased.

The challenge not being accepted and Mr. Downey finding it impossible to gain an acceptance of his challenge for a 24 or 72 hour contest, retired from the track, and since then has been resting upon his laurels won in past days. He

**JAMES L. DOWNEY,**

FAMOUS AMERICAN LONG-DISTANCE PEDESTRIAN, LATELY DECEASED.

had been, since then, traveling in various parts of the Union, and at last settled down at the St. James Hotel, New Orleans, La. At the Crescent City he figured in several races with O'Leary, winning one of them. Downey's remains were buried from his father's residence in Brooklyn, on Aug. 20, and the funeral was largely attended.

Horace Wheatley and Edward Traynor.

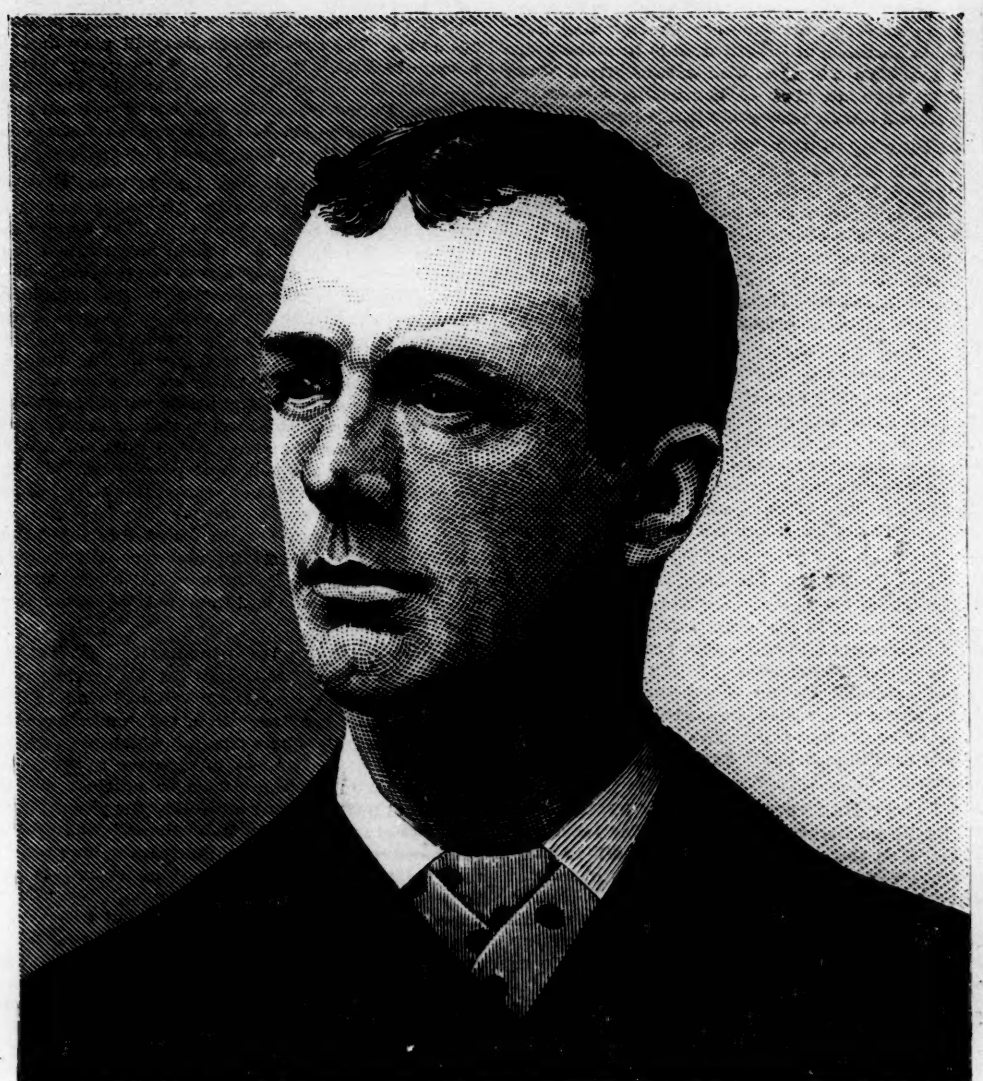
In this issue we publish the portraits of Horace Wheatley and Edward Traynor, the renowned Irish Team, who are now playing in all the leading variety theaters throughout the United States. Wheatley and Traynor were born in Ireland. Wheatley was brought up in Liverpool where he won the championship at clog dancing, defeating all comers. Traynor was "raised" up in Manchester, where at an early age he displayed great ability as a Lancashire clog-dancer. Wheatley and Traynor danced three times for the championship of the world, at Liverpool, England. The first two contests ended in a draw, but on the third trial Wheatley won. For twelve years Wheatley held the championship against all comers, until challenged by Dick Carroll, the American champion. The match was decided at Liverpool, England. Wheatley won after one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed. Wheatley and Traynor came to this country August, 1881, with Sam Hague's minstrels, but liking things over here they decided to make it their home. Since their sojourn they have created a furore in the variety halls, their dancing being considered in the light of a revelation. Wheatley has a standing challenge to dance against any man in the world, twenty-one steps, Lancashire style, for \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side, while Wheatley and Traynor will also dance double against any two men in the world, Lancashire style, for \$2,500 a side, and to prove they mean business they have posted \$500 forfeit with Richard K. Fox of the POLICE GAZETTE. Last week the famous team played in Providence, R. I., and made a great hit. Next week they start off on a thirty-nine weeks' engagement when they will appear at all the prominent theaters, the manager paying them the sum of \$300 per week. Wheatley and Traynor are without doubt the best artists in Irish sketches of the style they effect, and in Lancashire clog dancing, yet seen in this country.

An Indian Legend.

A story about which there is a fascination it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it is that of the "Home of Gold." Somewhere in southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said there is a wonderful valley. Small, enclosed in high, rocky walls, and accessible only by a secret passage, which is known to but a few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, has running through it a stream, which waters it thoroughly and makes it a perfect Paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge, and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal as others do around pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold, and to run down into the center of the earth.

**HORACE WHEATLEY,**

THE ENGLISH CHAMPION LANCASHIRE CLOG DANCER AND VARIETY ARTIST.

**EDWARD TRAYNOR,**

FAMOUS CHAMPION CLOG DANCER AND IRISH SPECIALTY ACTOR.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]



FOUR HEROIC MAIDENS.

THEY DISCOVER A FIRE AT MIDNIGHT IN A HOUSE AT BUFFALO CREEK, COLO., EXTINGUISH IT AND RESCUE THE INMATES.

Edwin D. Bither.

This is one of the youngest drivers in the Northwest and ranks with the best. For seven years past he has been training and handling for J. I. Case, of Racine, Wis. The best horse he ever had, judging by the success he had in campaigning, was the black gelding Edwin B., record 2:27. He was named after Mr. Bither. In 1923 this horse made a clean sweep of every race through the northwestern circuit. He has shown some very fast trials and will most likely make a much lower mark in 1932.

The chestnut gelding Dom Pedro did all he could in Bither's hands, which was 2:27. He was quite speedy but a scandalous breaker. Charlie C. was also driven by this gentleman and made a record of 2:34 in his hands, winning a very stubbornly contested race of seven heats at Dubuque, Iowa. He gave Kitty Clyde a record of 2:34, which is no measure of her speed. He is now training Phallas, by Dictator, that is a pretty smooth article, also Midge and a



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF NOTED HORSEMEN.

EDWIN D. BITHER,

OF RACINE, WIS.; THE YOUNGEST DRIVER AND TRAINER OF TROTTING HORSES IN THE NORTHWEST.

three year old by the same sire. They will be started this year and will be somewhere near the front at the finish. Besides the above he has driven quite a number of others that could trot from 2:30 to 2:50, but he gave them no records worth mentioning.

Mr. Bither is a good handler, an excellent driver in a tight place, a good judge of pace and knows just when to save or send his horse. He is one of the coming men in the business in the west.

Two Heroes of the Surf.

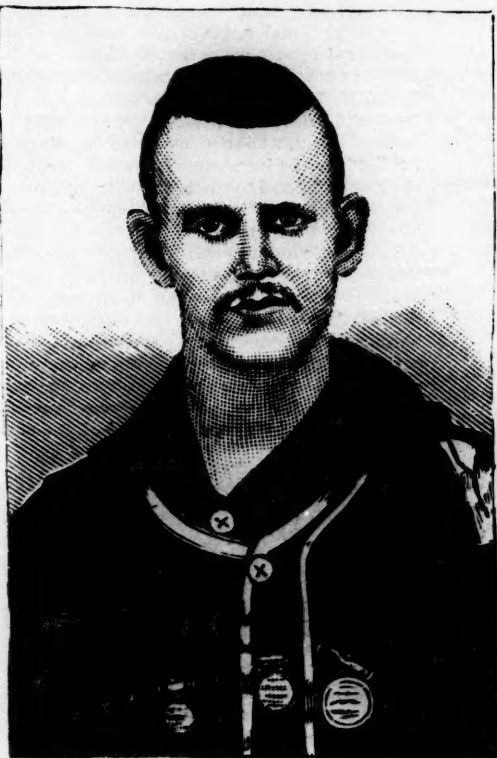
We present in this issue portraits of Charles McEnroe and Alexander Cummings, the pro-

fessional surf swimmers, employed to guard the lives of the bathers on the beach at Rockaway in front of Wainwright's pavilion. Each of these young men have been awarded medals for deeds of self-sacrifice in behalf of their fellow creatures. McEnroe was born in New York city and is just twenty-one years of age. He is a dauntless, daring young fellow, swims like a fish in the heaviest surf and has to his credit 21 lives saved. His comrade, Cummings, strangely enough, counts also on his roll of honor 21 lives saved by him. He was born in Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 4, 1896. Both men took early to the water and signalized the beginning of their heroic careers by saving people from drowning before they were twelve years old.

These life savers are features of Rockaway which we deem worthy of a place in the POLICE GAZETTE gallery of heroes and celebrities.

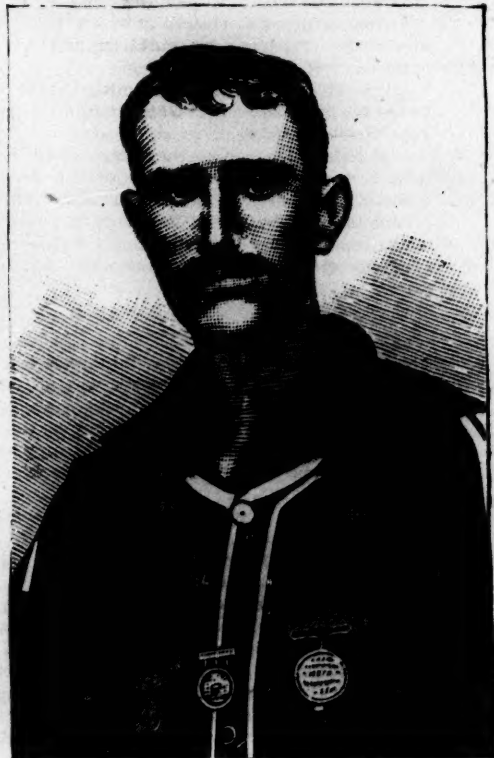
A Jesse James Avenger.

A character known as Texas Charley created a little diversion at the Park Theatre, Chicago, a few nights ago. Charles claims to have been a particular friend of the now dead and gone Jesse James and is supposed to cherish no particular friendship for the Ford brothers. He was at the Park Theatre and when the Fords, who are playing there, came on the stage he cheered lustily for Jesse James. An officer hushed him up but he waited for Bob and Charley and when they appeared he is alleged to have reached for his "gun." The Fords promptly covered Texas Charley with their own weapons. Bloodshed was of course anticipated but some outsiders were bold enough to rush in between the belligerents and the cause of the disturbance was summarily ejected.



CHARLES MCENROE.

NOTED SURF SWIMMER AND LIFE SAVER OF ROCKAWAY BEACH.



ALEXANDER CUMMINGS.

STRONG SWIMMER AND RESCUER OF MANY DROWNING PERSONS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

VOLUME

TIGHTLY

BOUND

BEST COPY

CUPID'S CRIMES; OR, THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE.

By the Author of "Great Crimes and Criminals of America," "Lives of the Poisoners," "Secrets of the Tomb," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A MODERN MESSALINA.

I.

The family of Querengal des Essarts belongs to the ancient noblesse of Brittany. Numerous *mesalliances* have deteriorated the fortunes of the race and the vices of the later generations have cast the family socially into the mire, but, like all the beggared aristocrats, up to last year they still demanded consideration for their past greatness.

The family consisted of a mother, a son and a daughter. They lived on a sterile farm at Ploufragon near Saint Brieux. Their poverty was extreme but they insisted on being addressed with deference as gentleman and lady.

In the simple community of which they formed a part the Querengals were regarded with an absolute terror. It was said that they were capable of any crime and circumstances certainly went far towards endorsing this sentiment.

They were, in fact, a type of an idle, worthless and dissolute breed, of whose like all countries unfortunately possess only too many examples.

The chief offences, in number at least registered against them, were those of theft. They stole whenever they got a chance. At different times mother and daughter had been up before the tribunal for stealing money and property from their neighbors and goods from stores. On these occasions the old woman spoke in her own defence and with much violence and rabelaisian fury.

Theft was not the only crime ever alleged against the Querengal des Essarts. They had on more occasions than one been accused on the best authority of offences against public morality, in which all three were concerned.

Almee Querengal was a plump, fresh and fair Breton girl, with grey blue eyes and copper colored hair. She was, for her station, intelligent and quite accomplished. But she was a flirt of the first order and abandoned to erotic indulgences. She was avowed by many who claimed to have irrefragable demonstration of it to have made no concealment of her infamies from man or heaven.

Her brother, Alme, was equally dissolute and depraved with herself and their mother was quite as undisguised and abandoned in her shamelessness.

Altogether this precious trio were about as hard a lot as the feeble grasp of the law ever permitted to inflict itself upon a peaceful and honest community. Yet, singularly enough, the simple country folk upon whom they preyed regarded them with quite as much respect as dread.

The sentiment of subjection to the privileged classes which made the Bretons such strong supporters of the Bourbons during the great revolution is yet alive in that strange land. Now, as then, a title is a pledge of power in their eyes and among a people who treasure the histories of the great families of their district in fireside legends, that of the Querengals was well known.

Years ago this sentiment possessed great weight in the judgment their neighbors passed upon the aristocratic malefactors who lorded it among them.

Thus the grandfather of Alme and Alme Querengal had been a veritable man monster; a frightful old satyr, addicted to debaucheries almost without a name; he had been more than suspected of murder among his other crimes. He was a voluptuary, abandoned to the grossest and most bestial excesses. Among his mistresses, who had been numberless and through whom he had populated the district with nameless children, had been two, both of whose husbands had been poisoned. All the evidence pointed to him as the poisoner but only a brief and superficial inquiry into the matter had been made, and he had never been held even to a shadow of accountability for his crimes.

And for no other reason than that it savored almost of impiety to assail one of the id rulers of the land upon the level of the common herd.

The same incredible humility which protected the grandfather defended his children and his grandchildren.

All the offences they had committed could not outweigh the besotted respect which their aristocratic lineage imposed upon their so called social inferiors; all the degradation in which they lived could not sink them beneath the consideration of the decent and homely farmers whom their contact disgraced.

Thus there was afforded the curious picture of a whole community bowing in respect before a family of odious criminals whom they both detested and feared.

II.

Some years ago, Alme Querengal married a farmer named Marc Pierrot. Pierrot was an excellent young man, quiet, sober and the soul of probity. He worked as overseer for an estate owner of the neighborhood of Saint Brieux, and in an unhappy hour, for him, fell in love with the fair but frail daughter of the Querengals.

He married her in spite of the warnings which came to him from all sides.

And from the moment he placed the ring upon her finger found he was betrayed.

Incontrovertible evidence proves that Alme Querengal was unfaithful to her husband upon her very wedding day. She had at the time two lovers, robust country youths who shared her favors. Both of these were guests at the wedding, and with one of them the newly made bride was discovered in *flagrante delicto* while her husband was entertaining their friends.

The news was carried to Pierrot, and he separated his wife from her lover and refused to permit her to dance with any one but himself for the rest of the day.

It is safe to say that nowhere but in Brittany could such a good-natured husband be found. But he was found there. Pierrot not only rebuked his wife's prostitution of her marriage robe by a simple chiding, but even went so far, in the presence of his friends, as to jokingly ask her how many other lovers she had.

"How should I know?" she replied: "Do you think I am a calculating machine?"

Of course a husband of this stripe deserved to be deceived, and he obtained his full deserts.

His wife continued her connections with her old lovers. Whenever Pierrot objected she had reasons to meet him with. When he blustered she walked off and left him to simmer down. So this remarkable household to which a child was born, continued to meander along, the old woman Querengal being a member of it most of the time and getting drunk at her son-in-law's expense whenever opportunity offered.

In 1899, old Querengal, the grandfather, who had rendered himself illustrious by making a mistress of nearly every woman he met, and having half the children he encountered on his rambles call him father, died. He left 50,000 francs to be divided between his granddaughter and grandson, adjuring them to attend to the wants of his daughter, their mother, "with pious care."

Immediately Mme. Pierrot found herself an heiress she commenced to treat her confiding husband with disdain. Pierrot informed his employer:

"Since she got that money she has treated me like a veritable dog."

What happened now in this unhappy household no man can tell save those who were concerned in it. Squabbles which ended in furious quarrels were constant. Pierrot went about his work like a man in a dream, as those who knew him said. His wife introduced her lovers into the house and into his own bed. Mother Querengal got drunk every day, and her son, a boy of 17, took equal liberties with his brother-in-law's credit at the wine shop.

It was even hinted that this young satyr held incestuous relations with his mother and sister.

Mme. Pierrot now began to spread a report that her husband was going mad. According to her, he had gloomy fits out of which he woke now and then to treat her with furious violence. These performances, for which no one blamed him, of course, she declared were repeated at constantly shortening intervals.

One of his manias, his wife said, was a belief that he was playing dominoes with his little girl, Emilie, now six years old. Indeed, the wretched cuckold was fond of amusing himself in that way with the child. One evening he played some games with her and having lost, gave her a son and said:

"There, that is the last time that you will beat me."

Shortly after, the child went to bed.

She slept in the same room with her mother and father. She was tired and slept soundly. Sometime towards morning she was awakened by a loud noise and started up.

The room was quite dark. The sound, she afterwards declared, was the closing of a door. Hearing no one, however, and being affrighted by the darkness and the silence, she buried her face in the bed clothes and prayed.

She remained awake for some time, but no further sound met her ears. The stillness was profound, unbroken by even a breath.

"It reminded me," the little one told the village priest afterwards, "of the grave my grandmother talks about when she has been drinking wine."

The simile, as circumstances proved, was a good one. It was indeed the silence of the death which fills the grave, which her little heart fluttered itself to sleep amid: a silence which had filled stronger creatures than she with dread more than once before.

III.

Next morning old mother Querengal appeared in the village, red eyed and nervous after a hard night's grapple with the fiend of the still. She sought out the gendarmes and reported that her son-in-law was dead.

He had, she said, committed suicide.

The night before her daughter and he had had one of their usual quarrels. Then he had spent the evening playing dominoes with Emilie. After the child went to bed he had recommenced the row with his wife.

He was jealous and violently threatened to punish her for her placidity with other men.

After they had talked themselves out the unhappy pair retired. Mother Querengal got away with the heelsaps of her brandy bottle, turned in too and all was silent in the house.

What followed was told by Mme. Pierrot to this effect:

For some time back her husband's aberrations had been becoming more and more frequent and violent. When they had gone to bed that night he had fallen into a disturbed slumber, restless and broken by disordered dreams.

He frightened her and for a long time she could not sleep. Finally she dropped off into a heavy, leaden repose, worn out by watchfulness and terror.

A scuffling beside her woke her suddenly and as she started up she felt a furious clutch upon her throat. She could not even cry out. All she could do was to seize her assailant's wrists and keep him from completely suffocating her.

This assailant was her husband.

He came to himself in a moment and released her, begging her pardon. As soon as he let go of her she fell back upon her pillow, senseless.

It was two hours more before she awoke. Then she was recalled to herself by a sensation of heat and suffocation. The curtains of the bed were on fire and Pierrot lay beside her dead, his life blood covering her from head to foot.

He was shot through from chin to cranium by a ball from his gun, which had lodged in the ceiling. After his wife faintly he had got up, taken his gun, which was always loaded, and placing the muzzle against his chin pulled the trigger with his feet.

Paralyzed by horror, Mme. Pierrot could not move. She had remained beside the cadaver till daylight, incapable of motion. Then her mother coming into the room had discovered the tragedy.

The old woman was not one of the kind whom tragic events could overcome.

She grappled the events without hesitation, straightened the corpse out, placed the gun within handy reach of it and then went out to notify the authorities of the suicide.

The gendarme who was sent to investigate met Mme. Pierrot in tears, covered with blood, in the door of the bedroom. She designated the big Breton bed upon which her husband's corpse reposed by a dramatic gesture and appeared carried away with grief and horror.

Her mother took matters as coolly as a frozen cucumber, however. She helped wash the body, exchanging pleasantries with the servants. When the police surgeon arrived to examine the corpse she displayed uneasiness, but it vanished when, after a superficial examination, he declared it beyond a doubt a case of suicide and as he departed shouted a joyous adieu after him.

Then she commenced to dance around the corpse, laughing and cracking jokes until the angels commenced to sound, when she fell on her knees and prayed the prayer of the dead. The neighbors who had come in retiring, she cried, jocularly:

"Well to the pretty young widow, to be left without a bedfellow!"

One of her daughter's lovers, Yves Berillon, offered to remain. His cynical generosity was declined, however.

"You are altogether too ready when some one gives you a chance," said the widow. "We will excuse you this time."

Pierrot was buried. The day after his funeral his wife washed the blood-besmeared night shirt in which he had died and manufactured two chemises for the little girl out of it. The old woman spoke of the family misfortune everywhere as a good riddance.

The villagers alluded to the death of Pierrot with sinister suspicions, but doffed their hats when his mother-in-law or her children passed, all the same.

So much for the force of habit and the fact that one has a family tree to lean against.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRETTY PAUPER.

She Tells Some Tough Stories of Life in a Pennsylvania Poorhouse.

The Allegheny City, Pa., poor farm has been the subject of many scandalous stories during the past three months and these finally took so loud and decided a tone that an investigation became absolutely necessary. Superintendent Nichols was finally hauled up before the poor board at Pittsburgh, Pa., on a charge of having had illicit intercourse with one of the paupers at the farm, a young girl named Anna Hickman. On the 21st ult. Anna was before the board and made the following startling statements:

"I came to the house about the 23d of December last and remained here until about three weeks ago. Mr. Campbell was the first man that had anything to do with me; he asked me to go to his room and I went; he did not use force, I was willing. This was several weeks before I went away. I went to his room three or four times; he asked me to go to his room and I went. I generally stayed about fifteen or twenty minutes. I think the first time was on Monday night about half-past nine o'clock. I went through the chapel to his room; he met me at the door; the chapel door was always unlocked when I went through. I think I went there four times, that is, was only in Campbell's room once, was in the chapel with him the other times."

She further testified to having slept with Pannier, the baker. The first time Pannier had anything to do with her she met him in the bakery, where she had gone for starch.

The girl was then told to tell what she knew regarding the superintendent of the Home, Mr. Nichols, which she proceeded to do, prefacing her statement with an account of the number of times she was locked up for conduct not in conformity with the rules of the institution. She said:

"I was locked up in the insane department; when Mrs. Nichols went away Mr. Nichols let me out; I was rooming with a room mate named Georgiana Dawson. She used opium and when she was out of it she sent me to Mr. Nichols for some tobacco. He said something to me that time; I went to him in the dispensary one day for something in my stomach; I was sick. He took liberties with me and made suggestive remarks. I was standing up when he caught hold of my clothes. He did not do anything else but told me to hurry out of the dispensary as some one might see; that the windows were open. The next time he said anything to me was when I was washing his clothes; he asked me how soon I would be done. I said about four o'clock. Then he told me to come up to his room; I went to the room. We were on the lounge; he told me to come back to his room that night; it was on Tuesday night and before Mrs. Nichols came home. I went to his room about ten o'clock and stayed there until two o'clock. I was with Campbell one night and with Mr. Nichols the next night; this was Tuesday night; don't know where I was the next night unless I went back to Campbell's room."

Mrs. Heeley, the matron of the Home, testified that Anna had confessed to her that she had intercourse with several of the employees. Mansfield, the blacksmith, also testified to seeing Anna go to superintendent Nichols' room at night, when Mrs. Nichols was away and to seeing Campbell in *flagrante delicto* with her.

Mr. Nichols is to be arrested on a charge of adultery and Anna is already locked up on a charge of slander preferred by him.

A TENNESSEE VENDETTA.

Two Fathers and Their Two Sons Engage in a Fatal Pistol Fight in Court.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A nice row of families in Knoxville on Aug. 28. Last Christmas eve Don Lusby shot and killed Wm. C. Mabry, son of General Mabry, in Knoxville. On his trial for murder the jury disagreed and Lusby was let out on bail. On the morning of the 28th ult. Lusby met General Mabry in the street. Hard words passed and Lusby threatened to shoot the General. The Marshal arrested Don Lusby, but he, assisted by his father, Moses Lusby, resisted arrest. Both were finally overpowered, however, and were taken to the City Hall, where, before the Recorder, the officers attempted to disarm them. The Mabrys, General Joseph A., and his son, Joseph, Jr., were present as witnesses. A scuffle and a general pistol fight ensued in court between the two fathers and two sons, which ended in Moses Lusby being shot through the breast and instantly killed, and Don Lusby, his son, being fatally wounded. The Mabrys gave bonds to answer and were set free.

SMITH'S SEVEN WIDOWS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A negro named Thomas Smith died and was buried in New Orleans, on August 28. He had at one time ten living wives. Nine of these survive him, and seven attended his funeral services in full mourning and wept over his grave. After the burial, the relicts of the defunct returned to his house and engaged in a grand fight for his property. In the course of the row the furniture was completely demolished, and all of the windows were more or less injured. Smith was married by a Baptist minister every time he chose a new wife, and never was hauled up for his polygamous fancies, nor did he ever find any obstacle to his indiscriminate courting.

WOMEN'S WRONGS AND RIGHTS

Maids, Wives and Widows in Their Relations to Naughty Men.

A PRETTY German girl, Lena Mahl, committed suicide by drowning at Auburn, N. Y., on the 23d ult. She was jealous because her lover had granted coquetries to other girls and took this means of manifesting her deep feeling of resentment.

MISS ELLA WAGNER, of Springfield, O., brought suit on the 17th ult. against William Ulery, a neighbor. Ulery said that he saw Samuel Seibert, a married man, going into a cornfield with Miss Ella, that the two were talking smutty and he could guess the result.

MINNIE BLAKESLY, a beautiful young woman of Chicago, Ill., failed to win a young man named Ward as a husband and therefore killed herself with a dose of morphine on the 18th ult., leaving a letter to her mother telling her, "do not blame Mr. Ward; he has always treated me like a gentleman."

MAGGIE CUNNINGHAM, of Cincinnati, went out for a walk with a young man named William Smith on the evening of the 17th ult. After inducing her to drink two or three glasses of beer he led her into a stone yard in a deserted part of the city and there raped her. He then attempted to drag the semi-conscious and badly bruised girl to her home but his condition was noticed by the police and both were taken into custody. He is now under bonds to answer a charge of criminal assault.

When James Bodie was at the altar in Quinnesa, Mich., all ready to marry a beautiful young lady that town, a woman arrived who claimed to be his wife. She had with her four children which she bore him. He proved that the marriage was a bogus ceremony, performed by one of his, Bodie's, church. The incensed people of the town gave Bodie ten minutes to decide whether he would marry the woman earnest or be tarred and feathered. He reluctantly gave up the bride and made his matrimonial joke reality.

THREE years ago last April Mrs. Olivia Higgins married John Higgins in Nottingham, Eng. She was a widow and he was a widower; so the neighbors thought them an equal match but it soon proved that she was more than a match for him. He set out to his store in Manchester in 1881 and with the money he made he came to America, promising to send for her. She heard no more of him, however, and he never even since hunting for the recreant. She came him only last month in Philadelphia. He had passed in this country under the name of Patrick Telford, was arrested on the 18th ult. on a charge of abandonment.

On the 18th ult. Elizabeth H. Severet of Cincinnati began proceedings for divorce against her husband, Albert Severet, member of a wealthy pork packing firm of that city. The parties were married in Philadelphia in 1861. In 1873, the complaint avers, Mrs. Severet was driven from her husband's home and since that time defendant has been introducing another woman as his wife and has been living in adultery with her for three years past. She was a widow when he married her and claims that she had money which she spent for her in tours of Europe. When her funds were gone, she says, he wanted to get rid of her and did so. Now, however, she has got the funds to make things warm for him and is going to do so. The alleged wife No. 2 has a marriage certificate in due form and is young and beautiful. No. 1 is about 45 and handsome. The affair has occasioned a great sensation.

FOUR HEROIC MAIDENS.

They Discover a Fire at Midnight and Organize a Fire Department With Great Success.

[Subject of Illustration.]

They raise the right sort of young ladies out in Colorado—none of your squeaking, timid, dyspeptic but regular out and out flesh and blood creatures who can't be frightened by a mouse, and who are even capable of heroic deeds. Four young beauties of Denver have been camping out in the wild country about the town of Buffalo Creek, Colo., for a month or more. They distinguished themselves lately by discovering a fire in the town late at night and organizing the selves as a fire department, put out the flames and saved the lives of the sleeping occupants. The following is an account of the affair given by one of the young ladies who took part in the heroic enterprise: "At an early hour Tuesday morning, August 1, we four girls and a small boy were engaged in a matrimonial repast we were startled by the cry of 'Rushing down the hill we beheld the country seat Mr. J. H. Rogers, near which our canvas mansion located, in flames. Immediately we raised a ladder and the two most daring mounted to the roof, another rushed into the house to rescue the shrieking infant the fourth dashed to the brook with all the available water-buckets, while the small boy was dispatched the village for help."

One heroic damsel sat on the ridge-pole pouring water down the roof as fast as another could hand up. For several minutes the scene was exciting, the excitement subsided with the flames and the heroines descended from their perilous situation covered with glory and soot. When the efficient department of Buffalo appeared nothing was left for them to do but to adjust the stovepipe and bring water for the grimy countenances of the adventurous females.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

A Methodist Preacher Disciplines an Unruly Member of His Flock.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John E. Smith, a grain dealer, of Shiloh, O., stable his pastor, Rev. W. L. Phillips, of the Methodist church in that town, in a fight which occurred with the shepherd and the lamb of the flock, late on the night of the 28th ult. The parson proved the better slogger of the two and battered Smith's face terribly before he made up his mind to resort to the knife. Stories of the affair are conflicting, but it is known to have originated in a quarrel about the closing of liquor saloons in town. Smith was interested in keeping them open and resented the parson's arrogant interference. Phillips met Smith in a saloon and "went for" him, accusing him of keeping the place.

While the parson slogged the parishioner they say a female member of the temperance band wrecked the saloon. The authorities have not been appealed and no arrests have been made, the fighting parson and the parishioner evidently thinking themselves able to settle their own difficulties without letting the lawyers get a finger in the pie.

THE CHILD STEALER.

A Mysterious Woman in Black Abducts a Little Girl From Her Home.

Three Cities Raise a Hue and Cry and Maggie Keppel, the Abductress, is Run Down.

[With Portraits and Illustrations.]

There has been a sensation in Brooklyn of the Charlie Ross style that has excited not only the City of Churches but the metropolises and the country for many miles around. On the evening of Monday, Aug. 23, Lizzie Selden, aged 4½ years, was decoyed from the front of her father's house, No. 234 Carlton avenue, by a strange woman. On Monday afternoon, the 28th, Mrs. Selden went to New York on business, leaving her two youngest children in charge of a nurse. At half-past three the nurse went away to buy some candy for the children and when she returned she learned that a strange woman dressed in black had come along and persuaded the little girl Lizzie to leave the companions with whom she was playing and go with her for a walk.

When the mother and father returned home and found that their child had been thus abducted they were frantic with grief and raised a great outcry.

This was taken up by the police of Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City and on the 30th ult. a house to house visitation was made in the two cities, resulting in the arrest of the woman and the recovery of the child on the morning of the 31st. The woman in black proved to be Maggie Keppel, a dissipated looking young person of about 25, who has been in the hands of the officers before for petty thefts and who does not lead a refined or blameless life.

It appears that the woman is a sort of crank. She took a fancy to the child as she passed her on the street and induced her to accompany her. She wandered aimlessly about with little Lizzie, sleeping where she could and getting her meals irregularly where she could "stand up" the restaurant keepers, or going without them when she failed to "run her face." The child was instructed to call her auntie and evidently had an affection for her captor. The woman wandered through New York and Jersey City, going as far as Fort Lee on the Hudson in her tramp. When the inquiries were made by the police a man who resides in the house with Maggie's sister in Park avenue revealed to detective Shaughnessy that he suspected that Maggie had abducted the child. She had called at her sister's house on Monday, the day of the abduction, with a child answering the description of the missing little one. She had gone to New York that evening. The officers traced the woman on her travels through New York and Jersey to Fort Lee but there lost her track. Meantime Shaughnessy set a watch on her sister's house in Brooklyn.

On the night of the 30th she and the child, weary and hungry, stole into the house at a late hour and at 7 A. M. the detective entered the house and caught the woman in her room and in her bed with the child sleeping in her arms. The little one cried and did not wish to be taken away from her. The officer took both to the station house, the father was sent for and there was an affecting scene when he clasped his darling in his arms again.

The woman declared that she had found the child in Henry street, New York, where she was lost. Taking pity on the little girl she had taken care of her and deserved thanks instead of imprisonment. The police have proofs that this story is false and that Maggie abducted the child from its home. Maggie worked in a New York envelope factory until a few months ago. Her friends regard her as a crank and her relatives assert that she is slightly demented. She has a father and mother living in New York and generally makes her home with them, but frequently disappears and goes on crazy aimless tramps.

It was in one of these fits that she stole Lizzie Selden. The act was one of pure curiosity, there being no chance for her to make money by it and she had no feeling of revenge to gratify. The hue and cry over the loss of the little girl was something unprecedented. Such a clamor was set up in Brooklyn, New York, and Jersey City was never occasioned by any case of whatever importance that we remember.

MLLE. THEO.

[With Portrait.]

The latest dramatic sensation is the arrival of Theo. This sprightly deity of the Parisian stage has been imported expressly to do honor to the opening of the new Metropolitan Casino, which has been erected by the indefatigable energy of Rudolph Aronson since he abandoned the Metropolitan Concert Hall to its fate.

The career of the new star in our lyric firmament has been an interesting one, as the careers of artists usually are. About fifteen years ago there appeared at the Pavillon de l'Horloge a young girl of about fifteen years of age, who was known to be the daughter of Mme. Piccolo, who directed this well-known cafe chantant. The girl was bright, pretty and petite, and seemed in her acting and singing fairly to bubble over with a superabundance of animal spirits. Although she had little or no voice her chansonnettes were given with an originality, a verve, a chic that were indescribable, and the air of assumed innocence and unconscious drollery with which she pointed the lines of her songs was the perfection of art, and she was speedily installed as a prime favorite with the patrons of the place. Her beauty, her extraordinary humor, the naturalness and yet unalloyed effect with which her powers seemed to be used finally induced Offenbach to come and hear her. The Renaissance Theatre was then newly built and Offenbach, quickly appreciating that he had made a valuable discovery, took her there at once, and she made her appearance in a little one-act piece, "Pomme d'Api," in which she scored an instantaneous success.

This was in September, 1873, and Offenbach saw that if he could fit her with a part in a new opera the Renaissance was made. "La Jolie Parfumeuse" was composed and produced, and Theo's fortune was established. It ran 120 nights, and later was taken around to the Bouffes Parisiens. In "Boite au Lait," "La Petite Muette" and other roles she was seen later, and after numerous successes in Paris and in the provinces, in which latter places she played with much success several roles with which Judic's and Granier's names had been connected, she appeared in Paris in a revival of "Mme. L'Archiduc," which Judic had created, and in which Mme. Theo made a decided impression. In Lyons, Bordeaux, Nice, Marseilles, Brussels, St.

Petersburg and London Mme. Theo has been heard with much success.

Now the little girl of the Pavillon de l'Horloge, after a most successful career on the French stage, comes to America to sing her famous chansonnettes and to repeat her creations in opera bouffe. Her repertoire includes "Mme. L'Archiduc," "La Jolie Parfumeuse" (her creation), "Le Grand Casimir," "La Mascotte" (which she sang recently at Spa for the first time), "Les Cloches de Corneville," "La Timbale d'Argent" (which Judic created), "La Majoraine" (Granier's creation), "Niniche," as well as "Pomme d'Api" (the piece of her debut), "Bagatelle," etc. She is married and has two children. Her husband is not M. Theo, as reported, that being her stage name only. He is a well-known Parisian tailor, one Theophile Vachier.

Theo has triumphed nightly on the Parisian boards, and cannot well fail to add to her laurels here. Taking the place the now passe and faded Almee occupied some years ago, the new divinity of musical mirth has spread before her the same fields of popularity as produced such a harvest of wealth and favor for her predecessors. Her first assault upon them will be watched with an interest enhanced by the fact that the new star will inaugurate a new and charming resort for pleasure-loving New York to relax in.

AN OLD VILLAIN CAUGHT.

He Decoys Away a Girl of Fourteen and Tries to Pass Her as His Wife.

There alighted from a Missouri Pacific train at 10:30 P. M., at Leavenworth, Kan., on Aug. 24, a man aged about forty, accompanied by a girl not over fourteen. The couple were observed and tracked by the police until they went to a hotel, registered as man and wife and took a room. Half or three-quarters of an hour afterward Officer Reilly discovered their whereabouts. He had accosted them soon after their arrival at the depot, and the man said the girl was his niece. Reilly forced the door of the room and compelled the couple to dress and accompany him to the police station.

The girl gave her name as Anna Redding, and said she had been enticed away from her home at Atchison and seduced by Thomas Norris; that she met him on the market a few days ago and formed a passing acquaintance. They visited several parts of the city, and he finally induced her to accompany him to Leavenworth to go to work for his mother. The girl said further that when they arrived Norris told her that he had no mother living there, but had a cousin, whose home was too far away to be reached that night, and they would have to stay at a hotel. He insisted that they must occupy the same room, but she says she indignantly refused, until partly by threats and partly by force he got her into the room.

He was locked up in default of \$500. The girl's parents, respectable people of Atchison, were communicated with. On closer examination the police recognized the prisoner as a brother of the notorious Bill Norris, who has achieved infamy as the partner of the desperado Polk Wells. Bill is at large now, with a reward of \$1,000 hanging over his head.

MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal From All Sources.

At the registry department of the Denver post office on the 26th ult. a lady, Mrs. Dwight, was registering a letter containing fifty dollars. She had bought the stamps and to affix them deposited her pocketbook containing \$1,200 on the shelf before her. An old lady touched her and called her attention to a few pieces of silver lying on the floor, saying, "You have dropped your change, madam." Mrs. Dwight stooped and picked up twenty cents. When she raised her head the pocketbook containing the thousand dollars had disappeared.

A STAGE was ambuscaded by road agents near Florence, Arizona, on the afternoon of Aug. 22. There were four masked men in the party. The express messenger was killed and the stage rifled. There were five passengers in the coach who were relieved of all their valuables. The robbers made a clean haul of \$10,000.

Mrs. JULIA WEHLITZ, of Milwaukee, suspected that her son was writing love letters to Miss Augusta Schenke, so she intercepted some of the letters to gratify her curiosity as she was opposed to the match. Then she gave herself away in accusing the pair and the young lady avenged herself by having Mrs. Wehlitz arrested for tampering with the mails. The evidence being clear against her she was held for trial.

"OLD CLO'! OLD CLO'!"

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a good deal more romance in the second-hand clothing business than people give it credit for. Only those who know the Temple, in Paris, Monmouth street, in London, or Seventh avenue, New York, can do justice to an appreciation of the subject. It is an old adage that nothing is lost, and in the old clo' line nothing is until it vanishes entirely. When second-hand attire is too discolored for Seventh avenue it finds hospitality in Baxter street, and when it outlives its usefulness there, there are still out-of-door vendors ready to turn an honest penny or two through it. There is big money in the old clo' business, and though its professors deal in rags they flaunt it in diamonds and purple and fine linen, where the practitioners of a great many showier trades are content with much more modest results. Our artist has given vitality to some of the salient episodes of the old clo' man's career. There are a good many more which could be illustrated and a volume could be written about them. We have given enough, however, to shed a few rays of light on a very curious phase of modern life and industry.

A FAMOUS ARTIST AT HOME.

Matt Morgan, whose splendid pictorial contributions to the POLICE GAZETTE have become world wide in their popularity, is settled in Cincinnati. He intends to stay there and he is building a \$40,000 house on the hills. Attached to the house is a magnificent studio, which is also used as a meeting room for the Art Students' League at whose head Mr. Morgan is. The electric light illumines this vast atelier, which, with its artistic and antiquarian treasures, is at once the wonder and pride of the Queen City, as it deserves to be, for there are few like it on the continent. In it Mr. Morgan is employed in artistic labors which are a testimony of his versatile genius, ranging as they do from Shakespearean compositions of panoramic dimension to his contributions to the POLICE GAZETTE, the only newspaper which enjoys the benefit of his art.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

At Newton, Ind., on the 23d ult., the wife of John Maley had a quarrel and a fight with her sister whom she threw down stairs. Then she finished the job by splitting her unfortunate relative's head open with an axe, killing her.

At Tarboro, N. C., on August 22, Augustus Hyman while drunk, drew a razor and cut the throat of Edward Jones, because the latter denied that Hyman raised the largest hog in Tarboro.

RETTA and Hayes Butler, sister and brother, aged respectively eight and six years, of Bonnellville, Ky., quarreled about an apple they were eating on the 23d ult., and the little boy Hayes, in a rage, seized a bowie knife and hacked RETTA so badly that she will die.

A YOUNG man of 18, named Edgar Seebaum, was arrested at Greenville, O., on the 18th ult., on a charge of having outraged a young lady, Miss Elizabeth Nichols, aged 16. He took her out for an evening walk and led her to a lonely place where he succeeded in committing the assault.

JAMES NEVINS, a wealthy farmer, residing near Pittsboro, N. C., while stamping down hay in his hay lot on the 23d ult., fell into a threshing machine that was at work on the floor below and before he could be extricated had his two legs so terribly mangled that amputation of both was necessary.

On the morning of the 23d ult., at Bakersville, Cal., Lung Chue, a Chinaman, who was employed as a household servant by a Mexican woman named Remedios Palmino, gave her some "chin" about his withheld wages, and she stabbed him in the breast with a pair of shears. He fell dead in his tracks.

A. J. KENNEDY, of Volcano, West Virginia, had a little girl aged ten years, the daughter of a Mr. Henry Riser, employed in his household. On the 18th ult. she fled to her father's house, sick. It was then learned that she had been outraged by Kennedy, who had threatened to cut her throat if she revealed the fact to her parents or to his wife. He is in custody and as the penalty for such a crime in West Virginia is death, the fiend will probably meet with justice in short order.

A WEALTHY man named Clayton Stevenson, residing at Third Creek, near Statesville, N. C., was awakened at an early hour on the 23d by unusual noises in the lower part of his house. Taking his shot gun he aly sneaked out to the yard and made the tour of his grounds. On returning he saw a figure near the door. He fired and shot the person. It was his wife who had followed him out to gratify her curiosity. Thirty-six buckshot are in her body and her condition, at last accounts, was critical.

WILLIAM CRICK left his two children at home alone near Huttonsville, West Virginia, on the 23d ult. During his absence, a man named Joseph Alexander (a stranger in those parts), called at the house and finding no one at home, outraged the youngest child—a little girl aged eight years. He was pursued, overtaken, brought back and locked up. When he was brought in the frantic father levelled his rifle at his breast, but was disarmed by the bystanders after a desperate struggle.

HIGH SOCIETY SHOCKED.

How Sammy of the Entrails and His Pals Were Made to Blush.

Poor old Sammy of the Entrails is indeed having a sore time of it. Inspired by a spirit of gain he determined this year to enfranchise himself from the tyranny of American fakes who had sent their salaries away up and replace them with forty dollars a week leading men from London. He gathered a variety of queer talent from over the water to play in his wretched failure, "Taken From Life." They were paraded in the play in Chicago a month ago and made a wretched mess of it. Colville had a number of dashes on a string, however, and managed in his old capacity of purveyor to certain decayed bloods and scrupulous old time aristocratic loungers of the *couilles*, to get the countenance of a mob of fast old men on the first night.

It was on the programme to give a supper to this mob and to certain men about town after the performance was over. Colville was very blue and so was Bob Miles, whom he had roped into the speculation to share the losses with him. The feed had been ordered in advance, however, and had to be paid for, so Sammy of the Entrails felt that it should be eaten even though it proved only a funeral banquet.

Among the guests was Beveridge, one of the freshly imported English duffer actors. He was very frisky where everyone else was sad. He tried hard to make the sad occasion a merry one and by his levity shocked Sammy and his delectable American company. He laughed, sang, joked and delivered smutty recitations and shocked Sammy and his high-toned (!) crowd of guests. A lousy correspondent in Sammy's employ wrote to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* the next day a long article, pitching into poor Beveridge for telling filthy stories in such a select crowd. This is the way Sammy had his man put in to print:

"At the head of the table sat John McCullough, the soul of dignity and good breeding. Upon his left was Leonard Jerome of New York, one of the greatest diners out at the metropolises. At his right was Rufus Hatch. Next to Jerome sat the veteran McKivker, his white hairs silvered by the frosts of many winters. Colville, Manager Sharpe, Manager Miles, Frank Farrell, Lloyd Breeze of *Chaf*, Clasp, the wealthy jeweler and owner of the Academy of Music, Chicago, John Wyman, the famous after-dinner orator, and several others, with but few exceptions men of such prominence that it would have been far more becoming in the individual to have remained quiet than to have even been heard in a modest speech. But Mr. Beveridge had evidently been brought up in the belief that impudence passes for good breeding in America. No sooner had Mr. McKivker arisen to respond to a toast than this gentleman called out:

"I move that Mr. McKivker sit down," and Mr. McKivker did sit down, his face suffused with blushes. "I call for Master Colville; speech from Master Colville!" again sang out this cad, having completely taken the management of affairs into his own hands; but Master Colville, like his friend Miles, overcome with mortification, sank back in his chair, vainly endeavoring to stammer out an excuse, while this man, who was neither drunk nor crazy, hip hip and hurrahed himself almost hoarse. "Gerry, me boy" then regaled the company, now almost discomfited, with another smutty story, this time in prose however, wind-

ing up his recital of the jolly good time he'd, you know, hup the 'udson with his friend, Larry Jerome, by exposing Mr. Jerome's weakness for the fair sex and his fondness for a certain farmer's wife who had kindly provided them food and shelter on one of their hunting expeditions. Jerome, like the boy in the fable, had a thing to say."

Oh, but this is too good, you know, Sammy. When did Larry Jerome fail to appreciate a story a little off and when did the dignity of John McCullough fail to unbend when some piquant scandal with a smutty ending was the topic? Why, confound your impudence, old Entrails, why, the lives of most of the men in that company, including your own, are smutty stories that could not be printed and sold without the interference of Comstock. And old man McKivker was shocked by a nasty story, was he? And John McCullough was horrified by naughty words about women? He? The man with the train of Virginia and the amulet of female hearts and virginal wreckage generally? And old Sammy of the Entrails blushed and Jerome was paralyzed? Oh, what are you giving us, Sammy? Why not come right out and acknowledge that poor Beveridge mistook your funeral feast for a jubilee and shocked you by making merry over the ruins of your play and your shattered hopes? That's a better way than to attempt to give us such blasted rot about McCullough, Jerome, McKivker, Miles and you being shocked at the recital of smutty stories. You can't work that gag in on us. Try it on strangers. We know you and the mob, Babe!

A MURDER AND A LYNCHING.

Two Soldiers in a Fight—One Cut Up and the Other Hanged.

[With Portrait.]

On the night of the 18th last, two soldiers of the 15th U. S. Infantry, having permission to be absent from the post, left with the intention of visiting the town of East Las Animas, about one mile distant from the post, when they were joined by another party of soldiers who had no permission to be absent. They all partook very freely of the bottle while en route to the town and also while in town until they all became more or less under the influence. On the way back, after the spree was over, about midnight, two of them, Wm. McGarvey and Preston A. Rymer, began a quarrel which ended in cold blooded murder. Rymer (whose portrait we publish) stabbed McGarvey in the breast making a ghastly wound about four inches long and almost covering the heart in two. The man fell dead as if struck by a thunderbolt.

Rymer was at once arrested and taken to the post guard-house by the guard. The coroner and sheriff of the county were notified by the post commander early on the 19th ult., who at once came to the post accompanied by a jury and posse. The jury rendered a verdict of felonious homicide. The excitement ran very high among McGarvey's comrades, and threats of lynching were heard on all sides. The sheriff served his warrant on Rymer and removed him to the county jail at West Las Animas, Colo., where he remained until the night of the 20th ult., when a party of masked men called upon him with the aid of a forty foot steel rail, which was procured from the track of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, about 200 yards from the jail, and used as a battering ram to open the iron doors. Rymer was dragged from his cell and hanged to the cross-arms of a telegraph pole where he remained until late the next morning when Coroner Smith donned his plug hat and Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and scratched around for a jury, which returned a verdict of death by hanging at the hands of an unknown party.

A HORRID OLD MAN.

He Abandons a Wife and Thirteen Children and Elopes with a Younger Woman.

On the 23d ult. William Richardson, aged 60, abandoned his wife and thirteen children at Mazon, Ill., and eloped with Mrs. John Thompson, his cousin. She is a buxom, comely woman, the mother of three children. Richardson is a Yorkshire Englishman but has lived near Mazon, Ill., for eighteen years. He made a visit to England last year and induced Mr. Thompson to come over to this country and bring his family with him. They arrived in February last and lived in the same house with his family for a month, when Mrs. Richardson, suspecting that Mrs. Thompson was not as far above suspicion as Oscar's wife, asked her to vacate the premises.

The Thompsons then moved to a house a quarter of a mile away and while Thompson was ditching for neighboring farmers Richardson wore a big path between the two houses.

Richardson finally sold about \$2,000 worth of grain and stock and got the cash. Mrs. Thompson went to Decatur ostensibly to trade, bought a ticket for Pana and Richardson walked to Morgan, got aboard the same train which carried her south and they have probably struck out for Canada via Indianapolis.

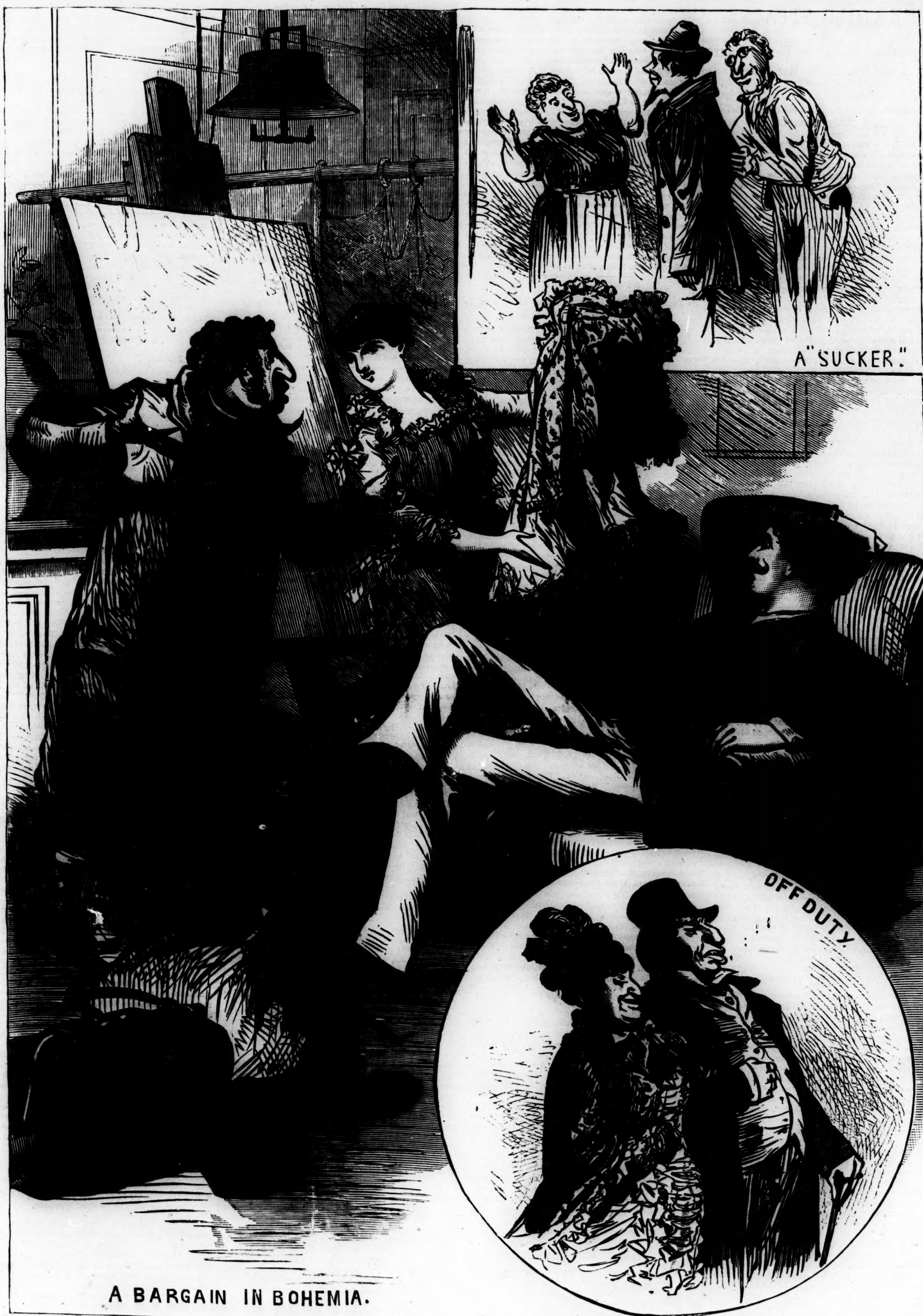
Thompson is nearly crazy. He has advertised his household goods for sale and will return to England with his remaining children to upbraid his mother-in-law. No effort has been made to follow or capture the runaways. Mrs. Richardson thinks it good riddance, barring the disgrace, and Thompson is too poor to indulge in such a luxury.

WOMEN'S DEVILRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

A WEALTHY man of Louisville, Ky., Asbury B. Miller, lost his wife, the beautiful Sallie Fige Miller, on the 20th ult. She had been flirting with Edward Simmons, the "fast" and reckless young son of the senior member of a rich lumber firm of the city. On the date mentioned she hid away with her maids, leaving town for parts unknown, to the horror and astonishment of society, in which all the parties concerned were regarded with high favor.

On the night of Aug. 24 Miss Fannie Reeves, a handsome white girl aged 20, daughter of a well-to-do farmer living near Comac, L. I., eloped with a full-blooded negro named Charles Jackson, aged 28, who had been in her father's employ for ten years. The young lady had been away to boarding school and had returned home for her vacation a month ago. She escaped from her bed-room window by a ladder which her Othello had furnished from the outside. The romantic creature and her black lover were thought to have gone on an experimental wedding tour in New York.



"OLD CLO'I CLO'I CLO'I"

LEAVES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF A WARDROBE WRECKER—HOW MR. SOLOMON ISAACS ATTENDS TO BUSINESS AND HOW HE AND RACHEL ENJOY ITS FRUITS.



A TENNESSEE VENDETTA.

TWO FATHERS AND THEIR SONS ENGAGE IN A FATAL PISTOL FIGHT IN THE RECORDER'S COURT AT KNOXVILLE, TENN.



THE SHEPHERD ON THE RAMPAGE.

A METHODIST DOMINIE OF SHILOH, O., DISCIPLINES A TIPPLING MEMBER OF HIS FLOCK AND GETS STABBED IN THE FIGHT.



SMITH'S SEVEN WIDOWS.

A NEW ORLEANS DARKY DIES AND LEAVES SEVEN YOUNG WIDOWS TO WEEP FOR HIM AND TO FIGHT FOR HIS PROPERTY.



A CRAZY STRATEGIST.

A PERUVIAN OFFICER SETS A MASKED BATTERY TO WORK BY BURNING GLASSES, AND FALLS INTO HIS OWN TACTICAL TRAP IN THE LIMA DISTRICT, PERU.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Sleek and Oily Parson Gets His Amorous Fine Work In.

Samples of All the Sins and Their Modern Adornments by the Saints of the Pulpit.

THE police of St. Louis have received the following concerning an eloping parson who is wanted at Waynesburg, Ohio: "Look out for and arrest Rev. W. Bedall; had on black suit, coat buttons up to chin, blue eyes, light complexion, 5ft. 7in. in height, 33 years of age; also wore linen duster, broad brim straw hat and low cut shoes. He is a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. Young girl with him, 15 years of age, slender build, blue eyes, wore myrtle-green suit trimmed in black lace, bronze colored hat, low cut shoes. They left Aug. 14, 1892. He, Bedall, is quick on foot and very straight. Any information or clue as to their whereabouts dispatch immediately to Frank Arnold, Waynesburg, Stark county, Ohio, or to James Arnold, Beallsville, Monroe county, Ohio." Nothing has been seen of the parson yet and the search is extending to the east as well as to the west. The relatives of the girl refuse to give any further details than the foregoing, leading to the supposition that it is only the old, old story of the shepherd and the lamb.

SEDALIA, Mo., has been in arms for a month and more over an allegation that Rev. T. J. Shepherd, of the Methodist Protestant Church, had made an attempt to seduce Mrs. Wells, the wife of a brother pastor at Mount Olivet Church. Brother Shepherd retired, finding the pulpit too warm for him. On the 8th ult. more crookedness was alleged in the same direction. Miss Lou, Lapee, one of the lambs of the flock who had been converted in March last by the Rev. Mr. Shepherd himself, was accused of having been on terms of amorous intimacy with Deacon James Purcell, who is forty years of age and has a wife and a large family of children. A meeting was called to investigate the charges brought by a Brother Robinson, who had alleged that he had witnessed the goings on of the deacon and the lamb, but the accuser and the accused had a private interview and decided to drop the subject. The parson then announced that the deacon had been vindicated. Several church members in the audience shouted, "That's a hell of a vindication," and it was only after the most herculean efforts of the peacemakers that a free fight was prevented.

In Salem, N. H., the old-fashioned Puritan spirit which inspired the witch-torturing saints of olden times cropped out again on the 20th ult., when the church gossips got up a veritable tempest in a teapot about the wife of the village pastor, Rev. O. P. Wright. The villagers assumed that relations of the dominie's wife with a young physician of the place quite overstepped decorum, and for a month or two kept a close watch on every act of the pair. During the temporary absence of Mr. Wright, on the 17th ult., the gossips noted with horror that Mrs. Wright had taken the train for Lawrence, and the doctor was seen shortly after driving in his buggy in the same direction. It was arranged by the busybodies to give the couple a warm reception if they returned together. At 9 p. m. the doctor and minister's wife drove up to the parsonage in the doctor's buggy, and found a delegation of the villagers waiting there for them. They saw the lay of the land and shrank from facing the music, so the Esculapian whipped up his horse and drove by with the lady to his own house on the other side of the church. Both entered the house, and the villagers posted a guard about the residence, keeping it up all night by a regular military system of reliefs. At 4 a. m. the doctor and the parson's wife came out and again drove to Lawrence, returning together to Salem by rail the next day. When the parson returned fifty tongues clacked the bad news in his ears, but when he had heard all he said his faith in his wife was still unshaken. At the evening prayer-meeting the wife read a statement of her relations with Doctor Wade, and indignantly repelled the aspersions of the goody-good coterie of old women. The sensation still agitates the little village, however, the inhabitants being divided into two parties—one for, the other against the parson and the doctor.

AUGUSTA L. HAZELWOOD, of Stoughton, Mass., petitions for divorce from Rev. Webster Hazelwood of West Roxbury, Boston, presenting evidence of desertion, adultery and bigamy. The case had previously been zealously kept from the public but the facts have at last come to light. Webster Hazelwood has for some time past resided with his parents at West Roxbury. He is now 41 years of age. He is a graduate of Williams College where he studied for the ministry and where he was ordained after graduation. While at Williamstown he became acquainted with the plaintiff in the present suit, she being the daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens in the town. He pressed his suit and finally married her in 1866. After their marriage they resided in Northbridge, Nairdord, Stoneham and Slatersville, R. I., in each of which places he supplied the orthodox pulpit. He finally located in Everett, Mass., where he held a position as pastor of the orthodox church for about eighteen months. During his pastorate at Everett he developed a remarkable fondness for the female members of his flock and his unwarranted conduct toward some of the younger and more interesting of his parishioners subjected him to much unenviable criticism. His tender familiarity with one of them particularly, a charming and hitherto respectable girl of 18 summers, caused intense dissatisfaction among his congregation. Mrs. Hazelwood, after patient endurance had ceased to be a virtue, protested against his paying such assiduous attentions to the budding beauty but without avail. Her husband acted as if he were infatuated with the girl and absolutely refused to listen to the admonitions of his friends. Finally the scandal became so open that a council of the churches was called at which Hazelwood admitted that he had gone wrong but promised amendment. He was granted letters of dismissal but immediately left the town. Soon after he wrote to his wife who was visiting friends that he would not support her any longer but would pay for the board of their ten year old son. Afterwards he met her in Boston and repeated what he had said. The next she heard of her recalcitrant lord was when he notified her that he had procured a divorce from her. She at once replied that if it were true it must have been by fraud, as

she had given him no ground therefor nor had she been legally notified. He refused to inform her or her attorney where he had obtained the divorce. Not long after she heard he had married a pretty waiter girl in a Boston restaurant, to whom he had represented himself as a free man.

Diligent search was made for the record of a divorce which he said he had procured and at last it was found that it had been obtained in Richmond county, N. Y. According to the record alleged evidence had been given that Hazelwood was a resident of that county and testimony of the grossest character against Mrs. Hazelwood had been introduced. Further investigation revealed the fact that the supposed attorney who procured the decree had represented himself to be James M. Lawrence, a highly reputable attorney of New York, who had died the year previous. The bogus Lawrence was a clerk in the real Lawrence's office and had never been admitted to the bar. The evidence of the so called witnesses and Hazelwood appeared to have been perjury of the grossest nature. Judge Barnard promptly set aside the decree and in strong language denounced the proceedings as a fraud upon the court, but as Hazelwood and his witness were not in the domain of the state the court could not punish them. A warrant was issued for Hazelwood's arrest and he was committed to the Tombs on a charge of adultery. The grand jury indicted him upon that complaint but Hazelwood's relatives, seeing that imprisonment was inevitable, prevailed upon Mrs. Hazelwood not to appear against him in court.

A HOPEFUL YOUNGSTER.

Young Johnny Curtis, of St. Louis, Tops off His Elopement Escapades with Another Affair.

You remember that gay young Lothario, that 18-year old boy, Johnny Curtis, who eloped with Mrs. Dixon of St. Louis a month or six weeks ago, taking her away from her two children and her wealthy husband? He took a brief southern jaunt and then growing weary of her cast her off and returned home to his parents. He has been living very quietly under the parental eye since his return but on the 13th ult. got into another amorous scrape.

He was arrested on a charge of criminal assault. It is alleged that on Saturday night, the 12th ult., as Miss Katie Boyle, a domestic engaged at Dr. Papin's residence on Laclede avenue, was going home she was accosted by Curtis, who knew her. She made no reply until approaching the house Curtis requested to be furnished with a glass of water. The girl complied with the request and went to draw the water, when Curtis slipped in through the open door which he closed and locked. His next movement was to lower the gas and then concealing himself behind the pantry door he waited Miss Boyle's appearance.

When she entered the room Curtis sprang from his place of concealment and knocked the girl down and rendered her helpless by planting his knee on her chest and covering her mouth with his hands to prevent screaming. A desperate struggle ensued, during which the clothing was torn from the woman and she was badly bruised by the violence of her assailant. During the encounter she screamed for help but owing to the servants' quarters being at the top of the house her cries were not heard but eventually she wrenched herself away and ran up stairs, making good her escape from the scoundrel who had been baffled in his designs.

The girl reached her room in a fainting condition and her room-mate after listening to her account of the struggle deemed it advisable to notify Jackson, the private watchman who patrols the vicinity. As the women bestirred themselves to assist their companion they observed Curtis leave the house and called after him. Glancing up to the open window the boy applied a most offensive and indecent epithet to the women, who to save themselves from abuse let the fellow go unmolested.

Sergeant John Shore was informed of the assault by Jackson and in company with officer Woodcock he visited Curtis' residence and arrested him on the girl's complaint. Mr. E. H. Blair, son-in-law of Dr. Papin, lodged the complaint at the police station and said he would have the case prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

The boy's father bailed out the young hopeful and when spoken to about the case said to a POLICE GAZETTE correspondent:

"I guess Johnny is all right this time. The story he tells me is that he was going home last night after 12 o'clock with two friends they noticed three girls come along near the junction of Lindell avenue and Olive street. They separated, going in different directions, and this girl, Katie Boyle, who knew Johnny when she was employed at Judge Laughlin's, asked him to see her home. Johnny took her arm and on arriving at the house refused to go inside when repeatedly asked, and sat on the steps when she brought him a glass of water. That is all that happened, as he tells me, and I believe it is simply a case of blackmail."

THE NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A pretty story is going the rounds of a well-known actress. The lady in question has resided for the summer in a flat house on one of our uptown streets. As is frequent in such localities, the rear windows of the swell house looked upon the rear of some wretched tenements on the next street. Through a window opposite her own the actress frequently saw a woman at work sewing, with a couple of wretched children at her side. The picture was one of such misery that it touched the eavesdropper's sympathetic heart. She instituted inquiries and discovered that the seamstress was the deserted wife of a ward politician who had gone off with a handsome affinity, and that she and her children lived on the very ragged edge of starvation, subsisting only by such shop work as the mother could obtain from the cheap clothiers. One morning, what was the poor woman's astonishment to find a sewing machine delivered at her door. There was no mistake about it. It was for her, and there was a receipt bill with it. Before she had recovered from her amazement there was a rustle of silks in the hall and a vision of rare splendor filled the miserable room with perfume.

"Ah," said a musical voice, "you have got the machine, I see. Now let me show you how to use it." And she did. Not only that, but she provided her with more comfortable quarters in which to use it, and work to do upon it as well, at least so the story goes. It may be only an advertising dodge, but it is too good not to be true. For the sake of its heroine we hope the latter is the case.

A CRAZY STRATEGIST.

A Peruvian Officer Runs a Masked Battery by Mathematics and Falls in His Own Trap.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The province of Lima, Peru, has been in a sadly ruined and disorganized condition since the war with Chili. The subjugation of the wretched country has not succeeded in subduing the martial spirit, however. It still smolders on all sides and the unsubdued guerrilla bands that lurk in the mountain retreats still keep up the campaigning by their futile dashes, irregular raids and bandit operations.

After the Peruvian army was scattered, among the stragglers who retired to their homes or their mountain retreats was Colonel Manuel Ernanan, an old officer who had been educated in Europe, and who was a close scientific student, mathematician and a theorist in military strategy.

Colonel Manuel returned to his ruined homestead in the most mountainous region of the Lima district last February, and devoted himself to studying up some old incomplete manuscript works on military science, which he had intended to have published in the days before his bitter experience in actual war. He gathered together the few negroes still remaining on his plantation and several army stragglers who had returned with him from the seat of war. These he drilled carefully for weeks, arming them with old muskets picked up on the roads over which the shattered army had retreated. In these three weeks Manuel had his little army in a satisfactory state of discipline. Then he set them at work fortifying his house, trenching and digging earthworks all about the place. When this was all complete he led his force on an expedition miles away to recover abandoned cannon and caissons which had been left in bog holes and stalled in the chapparal of dense woods on the wild scamper to the rear. These guns were dragged out with the greatest labor, and after a month's work were hauled to the heights near the house, and mounted in a battery as well as could be accomplished with the small facilities at hand. This battery was then carefully masked with light *cheteaux de frise* of saplings. Then the crazy Colonel (for he had gone quite mad over his studies and actual experiences of war, although his ignorant followers had no idea of his true mental condition) ordered a plain extending half a mile in front of the house and the battery that flanked it to be carefully cleared of trees, bushes and vines. This he made a parade ground for his forces, manoeuvring them in feints forward, and especially in retreat in two sections to either flank of the battery.

All this time he was working on a crazy strategical theory, and operating tactics devised and carefully written out by him. It was his plan to entrap the Chilian army in this plain by decoying manoeuvres and annihilate the invaders with his small force—leading on the enemy by degrees or by detachments and slaughtering them with his masked battery as soon as they should come. To this end he attached powerful burning glasses to his cannon at a certain angle would concentrate the rays of the sun on the especially prepared fuses of the guns, discharging them and raining grapeshot and canister on a certain point of the open parade ground. It was his tactical duty to decoy a force of the enemy to this certain spot from day to day, and having them there at the fatal moment, ensure their destruction as by the hand of Heaven. By these means he proposed to get the effective results of an army of artilleryists with only a score of actual manoeuvring scouts.

His preparations all made, he started his campaign on the 20th of April, and advancing five miles came upon a cavalry company and some Chilian mounted infantry on scouting duty. He drew up in battle array and showed fight. They advanced and he retreated, skirmishing all the way, until he came to the tactical field where his crazy mathematical calculations were to be tested. There the Chilians charged; but just as Colonel Manuel and his ragged forces reached the range of the masked guns, the first was exploded prematurely and the others went off in rapid succession, several bursting with their overcharges, and the crazy strategist and his force was annihilated, only three sadly wounded men living long enough to explain the mystery to the astounded Chilian officers who had just escaped the trap set for them.

JOHNNY'S RACKET WITH "PA."

"Ma" Comes Home and Finds Lots of Strange Female Toggery in "Pa's" Room.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A small boy was noted standing on the sidewalk in the early morning on the 20th ult., while a Chicago grocer was opening his store. The boy was remarked picking out pieces of broken bricks from his coat tail pockets. His manner was complacent however and a smile irradiated his dirty features from time to time.

The grocer knew the boy and paused in his work of hauling out boxes and barrels to observe his strange manoeuvres.

"When is your ma going to come back from the country?" asked the grocer.

"Oh, she got back at midnight last night," replied the boy, with another chuckle. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to go back up the stairs on one foot. Pa hain't got no sense."

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocer, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble and it is a wonder to me that they don't send you to the reform school. What devilry was you up to last night to get kicked this morning?"

"No devilry, just a little fun. You see ma went away to stay a week and she got tired and telegraphed she would be home last night, and pa was down town and I forgot to give him the dispatch. And after he went to bed me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see my chum has got a big sister and we hooked some of her clothes and after pa got to snoring we put them in his room. Oh, you'd a laughed. We put a pair of number one slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking chair beside pa's boots and a red corset on a chair and my chum's sister's best silk dress on another chair and a hat with a white feather on the bureau and some frizzes on the gas bracket and everything we could find that belonged to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol too and left it right in the middle of the floor."

"Well, when I looked at the layout and heard pa snoring I thought I should die. You see ma is easily

excited. My chum slept with me that night and when we heard the door bell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot and she tired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty angry, you bet, at not being met at the depot. 'Where's your father?' says she, as she began to go up stairs. I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time—that he'd gone to bed an hour ago. Then I slipped up stairs and looked over the bannisters. Ma said something about heavens and earth and where is the huxxy and a lot of things I couldn't hear, and pa swore and said 'It's no such thing and the door slammed and he talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally laid it to me as they always do, 'cause pa called me very early this morning and when I came down stairs he hurt my feelings. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper and I s'pose when I go back I shall have to carry them home and then she'll be down on me, too."

A LOVE CHARM COMPLETE.

One Silly Maid, Two Moonstruck Swains, Two Pistols and One Corpse.

Miss Mamie L. Hatchett, a young woman of Lunenburg Court House, Va., refused to marry a young man named Richard B. Garland, when he proposed, and then engaged herself to another suitor named Joseph Addison. The two young men had never met. Garland, piqued by his jilting, said the lady had only flirted with him. When he heard this she wrote him a long and insulting letter, and like the silly girl she was, induced her lover, Addison, to inclose in it a slip of paper on which he said he held himself personally responsible for the sentiments in the lady's missive. Garland armed himself waited for Addison down the road in a lonely place, the two men were introduced, and Addison refused to apologize. The latter supposed that "satisfaction" was to be exacted in the pugilistic form, for he threw himself into fighting position as Garland came toward him, but the latter drew a revolver and opened fire. Addison then drew his pistol and fired one shot as he retreated, breaking Garland's arm. Garland emptied his revolver into the body of Addison and then got another pistol from a friend. This is what the Virginia friends of Garland call a duel, and what the lawyers are trying to prove a murder. And all on account of a vain, frivolous young woman!

TRAIN ROBBERS IN OHIO.

An Excursion Train Raided and Robbed by a Gang of Desperate Thieves.

An excursion train was run on Aug. 27 from Toledo to Grand Rapids on the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis narrow gauge road. There was a temperance camp-meeting near Grand Rapids, hence the excursion. There were twelve cars on the train closely packed with excursionists and as there were no police the pickpockets swarmed in the throng and raided the passengers with impunity.

Coming back in the evening the robbers organized and went through the cars, flourishing revolvers and making the timid passengers give up their watches, jewelry and money. One old man and his son standing on a platform of one of the cars resisted, and the old man after being robbed was pushed off the moving train. The conductor and brakemen with several plucky passengers then organized and went for the thieves. A desperate fight ensued, which created the wildest terror among the women and children on the crowded train.

The conductor was beaten almost to death and the fighting train hands and passengers were badly used up. The train slowing up just before reaching Toledo, the gang of robbers jumped off, took to the fields and made their escape in the darkness.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

FRED. NEWMAN, of Polo, Ill., got drunk on the evening of August 15, and was staggering along homeward when a coat was thrown over his head, it is supposed to confuse him and render him an easy prey to robbers. At any rate he was not so drunk but that he could draw his revolver and shoot the man nearest to him. This proved to be William Dodson, who fell mortally wounded. His people who are respectable are raising a row about it, but citizens declare he associated with bad characters, among others several jail birds—which gives color to Newman's excuse that he defended himself against the attempt of the deceased, with others, to rob him.

At a late hour on the night of the 19th ult., four men of Company K, 9th U. S. Infantry, who were off duty and on a wild spree, near Omaha, Neb., undertook to play highwaymen. They first stopped a man named Frank Lemon, whom they compelled to disgorge six dollars, but when they tackled a Mr. Woolsey, with a demand for his money or his life, he didn't scare according to the programme. On the contrary, he whipped out his revolver and put a bullet through the neck of one of the men named Emanuel D. Shrader, killing him instantly.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

THE Pinkertons captured at McDonough, W. Y., on August 26, a man named Edward N. Welch, who is accused of having been one of the parties who robbed the Kewanee, Ill., bank of \$20,000. When captured he had on his person the sum of \$4,000. Suspicion was first directed to him by the fact that he tried to disguise himself and to deny his movements in the vicinity of the scene of robbery.

On the afternoon of August 26, the prisoners in the jail at Somerville, N. J., revolted and smashed all the furniture in their dining room and the corridors. Constable Kitchen and Deputy Sheriff Conover, with other assistance subdued the prison birds and got them back in their cells. All but a man named Charles Cummings, who had been recently recaptured after breaking jail. He refused to be locked up, whereupon they set on him in his cell. There he drew a pistol (obtained no one knows where) and fired two shots through the grating, one bullet fatally wounding Kitchen in the abdomen, the other lodging in Conover's shoulder. The fellow gave up his weapon when a force of officers covered him with their pistols and threatened to riddle him with bullets.

THE PRIZE RING.

Shadows of Coming Events Among the Gladiators.

The Ring Record of Tug Wilson's Opponent, James Elliott, with a Review of His Battles.

The arranging of the prize fight between Tug Wilson, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, and James Elliott, who are matched to fight Nov. 28, 1892, within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., has raised quite a breeze in sporting circles throughout the country. Both men have gained fame in the prize ring and they have many admirers. Elliott is a tall, powerful pugilist. He stands 5ft 11in. in height and weighs trained about 175 pounds. Elliott's first battle in the prize ring was with Nobby Clark, an English fighter. The match was an impromptu one, arising from the fact that John Woods and George King were to have fought at Huyler's Landing.

The pugilists had a wrangle over the affair and they fought off-hand at the Palisades, May 23, 1890. The stakes were \$50 a side and the fight was conducted according to the rules of the London prize ring. It lasted about thirty minutes when Clarke was declared the winner.

Elliott's next affair was with Hen Winkle, a powerful, well-made pugilist. The battle was fought at Weehawken, N. J., Jan. 6, 1892. Prof. Wm. Clarke and John, better known as Cockey Woods, seconded Elliott, while Kit Burns, the on famous sporting man of the Bandbox in Water street, New York, and Johnny Roach seconded Winkle.

Elliott, who was the taller though more slender than his opponent, gained first blood and first knock down in the fourth round and he had Winkle whipped. He followed up his advantage. Ninety-five rounds were fought in 2 1/2 hrs., when the referee declared the fight a draw, although Elliott would have won if Winkle had stood up and fought according to the rules.

After the battle, on Jan. 8, 1892, warrants were issued for the arrest of the pugilists. Elliott was arrested but restored to liberty after a brief incarceration. In November, 1892, Boston boasted of a pugilist who rejoiced in the name of Big Bailey. The latter had boxed with Joe Coburn and he agreed to fight Elliott for \$100.

Elliott, who had always been eager for a mill, agreed to go to Boston and fight the eastern champion and without any palaver he went to the Hub and the match was arranged.

On Nov. 16, 1892, the pugilists fought in a room in Boston. It was a jug handled battle. Elliott whipped Big Bailey just like breaking sticks in four rounds lasting 8m. and 30s. Elliott was scarcely marked while Bailey was terribly disfigured.

Early in the spring of 1893 Elliott was matched to fight Jim Dunne of Brooklyn, N. Y., for \$500. Elliott was then 19 years of age, stood 5ft. 11 1/2 in. in height and weighed 170 lbs. Dunne had never fought in the ring and had not yet attained his majority. He stood 5ft. 9 1/2 in. and in condition weighed 155 lbs. The battle created no little excitement and as it was the best one Elliott ever fought we publish it in full.

The fight occurred May 11, 1893, and the battle ground was Camp Scott, Staten Island, about three miles inland from Clifton, and the principals were safely conveyed there in coaches at an early hour, "before de break ob day," while about eight hundred spectators were gathered about the ring at sunrise. The backers and seconds of Elliott however had been captured by the harbor police while proceeding to the island in a sloop, brought back to New York and discharged, and as Jimmy of course would not fight without they were present a long delay ensued—so long that before the absent ones could reach the ground the blue coats made their unwelcome appearance and stopped further proceedings.

The backers of the men held a meeting that night at which they agreed to have the fight come off at Bull's Ferry, above Weehawken, N. J., on the morning of the 12th. There was another exodus of sports from Gotham during the night of the 12th, in carriages and on shank's mare and at dawn about six hundred were gathered at the ring side, the selected spot being a level piece of ground on the heights overlooking the Hudson.

While awaiting the advent of the pugs the sheriff of Hudson county appeared and attempted to stop the further progress of the affair but as he was not accompanied by any officers no attention was paid to him. Shortly after 6 o'clock Elliott threw his cap into the ring, followed quickly by Dunne. The former was waited upon by Barney Aaron and Jimmy Carroll, Dunne having for seconds Phil Clare and Kit Burns. Jimmy had been trained by Johnny Aaron and Punch Morris, Johnny Galvin looking after Dunne.

Wm. Varley (Reddy the Blacksmith), stood umpire for Elliott, Jim Giddings for Dunne, while the referee was Capt. Mike Norton.

ROUND 1. As the men toed the scratch, the contrast between them was marked. Elliott loomed over his opponent, who by the comparison seemed a less man than he really was. Both were in admirable condition, especially Elliott, whose muscles were splendidly developed; indeed, he looked a perfect Hercules. Dunne was of a more slender and elegant figure, but his muscles had not an ounce of superfluous flesh on them, while his bright eye, clear complexion, and firm, elastic step showed that he was in perfection of health and condition. His position was excellent, alike for offence and defence, his guard being particularly good. Elliott also stood well, keeping his left and right alternately in forward motion. After sparring for some time, Dunne led off with the left and got home lightly on the ribs, receiving in return a rattler on the left eye, and cross-countering heavily on the brow, which raised a lump immediately. They closed and struggled for the throw, ending by both going down together, Dunne under. First blood was claimed by the seconds of both, but not allowed.

ROUND 2. Both sprang up promptly when time was called. The effects of the last round were plainly perceptible, Dunne's left eye being in mourning, and a large lump over Elliott's peeper. Both sparred for an opening, and at length Elliott led off and sent in his left straight on Dunne's damaged peeper, drawing blood, but napping a heavy ribber in return. After some good exchanges at long range they closed, and Dunne fought Elliott down, amid the most uproarious

cheering from his party. First blood for Elliott claimed and allowed.

ROUND 3. After some skirmishing Elliott got in heavily on the injured eye, nearly closing the shutters; Dunne was not idle, but administered a warm rib-roaster in return. After some exchanges they clinched and pegged away merrily, Elliott being especially at home at in-fighting. In the end Elliott went down on his knees. (Immense cheering from both sides of the ring and offers to bet \$100 to \$50 on Elliott.)

ROUND 4. They fought for some time, when Elliott dashed in and delivered his left twice in succession on the face, while Dunne repeated his heavy hitting on the body. Closing, they fished away in good style, but at last Dunne was thrown.

ROUND 5. The facial appearance of neither man was not much improved by the other's handwork. Elliott's eye was nearly closed and his forehead swollen, while one of Dunne's peepers had adopted the early closing movement. After sparring some time Dunne led off, but Elliott jumped back; amid cries of "Go in, Elliott!" he came up again, and rushing in was met with a tremendous left-hander on the ribs, but got home effectively twice on the face. Some merry exchanges followed, both men being occasionally out of distance. In the close Elliott threw his man cleverly amid tremendous cheering, and offers to bet \$100 to \$50 on his winning.

ROUND 6. Both men had evidently orders to adopt the cautious system of tactics, as neither seemed willing to assume the offensive. At length Dunne, finding his opponent would not begin, led off but missed. Breaking ground, they met again, and Elliott tried his left, but was short, and Dunne countered him on the mouth, receiving a hot 'un on the cheek. In the end Dunne scored his antagonist with a tremendous body hit, in the latter's own corner. (Great cheering from the Brooklyn division.)

ROUND 7. The call of time was promptly answered by both and again they sparred together, neither willing to take the initiative. Tired at last Dunne led off but was neatly stopped. Elliott tried to work around to the higher ground but Dunne was not to be had. At last the latter tried again but was short and Elliott countered him with a one-two on the face, napping a rib roaster in return. Some sharp exchanges followed and Elliott got down. Great cheering from both corners.

ROUND 8. Up to this time there was but little difference in the amount of punishment received and although Elliott's friends, having the longest purse, offered odds on his winning, yet in reality it was an even thing. Dunne tried his left but was cleverly stopped. Heavy exchanges on the dial and body followed and after a pause they met again in the centre of the ring to renew their mutual hitting. At last Elliott dropped, receiving as he did so a smart upper cut. His seconds appealed on the ground that Dunne hit him while he was on the ground but the claim was not allowed.

ROUND 9. Both came up as strong as ever. Elliott led off but missed his man. Here Barney Aaron, his second, appealed to the referee saying that Dunne had something in his hands. He opened them at the referee's command but nothing was found in them. Dunne followed Elliott into his own corner, nailed him heavily on the mark but was sent to grass by a finely delivered shot on the left eye. Elliott stood up to \$100 to \$50 and his friends confident of victory.

ROUND 10. Considerable sparring, Elliott still fighting shy and cautious and causing the Dunne party to express loudly their opinion that he was getting enough off. On the other hand Elliott's friends showed their confidence by offering to bet odds he would win it. He however could not be induced to come out of his own corner to which he retreated whenever Dunne followed him. The latter got home on the face lightly and Elliott, missing, got down.

ROUND 11. Elliott opened the ball but was partially stopped. More sparring, apparently to gain time. Dunne at length planked a hot 'un on the ribs but Elliott cleverly countered on the neck. The latter then bored in and was met with a straight left-hander on the mouth. Some good exchanges followed, Elliott on the face while Dunne's body hitting seemed to be effective. In the close Elliott went down.

ROUND 12 and last. A long time was spent in sparring, both evidently under waiting orders from their seconds. Dunne at last got home a smashing right-hander on the ribs and jumping back avoided the return. More time wasted in sparring, Dunne pointing to the scratch and calling upon Elliott to meet him at it and not keep in his own corner. Following him up he again dashed in his right heavily on the ribs and retreated. Again more sparring, Elliott rushing in and Dunne retreating. Meeting again the Brooklyn youth sent in a one-two straight on the dial, drawing the claret freely and was away before Elliott could return. The same routine of mutual feinting and retreating followed, Dunne again calling Elliott to the scratch but ineffectually. Tired of this waiting game Dunne went to his man and some good fighting ensued, the exchanges being heavy and equal. In the rally Elliott pressed Dunne onto the ropes which had become loose and slackened, causing him to fall over them. In this position Elliott struck him several times in the face, when his seconds claimed the fight on the ground of foul, alleging that Dunne was down when thus hit. The referee decided that Elliott had lost the fight and that Dunne was the victor. Time, exactly 35m.

A scene of the greatest disorder and confusion followed the announcement of the referee's decision; Elliott's party maintained that Dunne was not on the ground but lying on the ropes which prevented his going down. With this we have nothing to do, as the decision of the referee must be accepted as conclusive. How the fight would have terminated but for this affair we will not undertake to say. Up to this point it was a very even contest, neither having any decided advantage over the other.

Elliott claims that he had Dunne "dead licked," but his unwillingness to come out and fight his man does not look as if this was the case. He has made a wonderful improvement in his style of fighting since he met Clark and Winkle and bids fair to obtain a prominent position in the ring.

Dunne although a novice fought with the coolness of a veteran boxer. He is a good two-handed fighter, straight and quick in his deliveries and as game a man as ever pulled his shirt off in the ring.

Throughout the fight he acted with coolness and judgment and his manly, straightforward conduct rounded greatly to his credit.

On the return no less than seventy-five of the spectators were taken into custody by the New Jersey police, who had obtained wind of the affair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW GLADIATOR.

Life and Battles of TUG WILSON (Joe Collins) the Champion Pugilist of England, backed by Richard K. Fox for Five Thousand Dollars and the Championship of the World. By mail 30 cts.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, N. Y.

W. S., Olean, N. Y.—No.

MILLERITE, Baltimore, Md.—Bob Brett's general fighting weight was 140 lbs. Sayers, 122.

GERALD, Potomac, Pa.—Bill Hastings, better known as Dublin Tricks, is still living in New York.

W. G., Colchester, Ill.—A. Isaac Ben Caunt and Bob Caunt, the English pugilists, were both in this country.

D. M., Alexandria, Va.—We know of no way to answer your question but by application to the U. S. ordnance department.

G. W., Selma, Ala.—Mace and Allen fought for \$5,000 and the championship at Kennerly, New Orleans, on May 10, 1870. Mace won in 10 rounds, 4m.

R. G., Washington, D. C.—It was the America that was racing on the Hudson river with the Henry Clay when the latter vessel was burned, July 13, 1892.

J. M., Boston, Mass.—1. Dutchman trotted three miles in 7m. 23 1/2 s. on the Beacon Park course, N. J., Aug. 1, 1890. 2. Hiram Woodruff was his driver.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Coburn's fight with Ed. Price lasted 1h. and 30m. 2. Tom Sayers held the champion belt of England from June 23, 1867, to April 17, 1890.

D. S., Lockport, N. Y.—After Tom Sayers was defeated by Nat Langham he challenged through Bell's Life, Nov. 27, 1883, to fight any 147 lb. man in the world for from \$100 to \$200 a side.

J. H., Chicago, Ill.—1. No. 2. Prof. Wm. Clark kept a saloon, 120 Laurens st., in 1890. 2. Yes. 4. Bob Brett was born at Portobello near Edinburgh, Jan. 18, 1868. He stood 5ft. 7 1/2 in. in height and in condition weighed 140 lbs.

M. G. H., Hartford, Conn.—Scotch snuff steeped in gin, well rubbed in, will scatter the vermin from your canine. Keep him muzzled until after the application is well dried in and been washed out with soap and water.

S. G., Springfield, Mass.—Ethan Allen with his running mate, Bucks, beat Flora Temple in three straight heats on the Fashion race course, L. I., Sept. 8, 1891. 2. Ethan Allen went to wagon and Flora Temple to harness.

W. M., Utica, N. Y.—Your muscular system may be developed to a great extent by taking judicious exercise, such as walking, running and club swinging. Send for the "American Athlete." It is the standard work on how to train.

DONALD, Steubenville, O.—1. Pugilists run too many risks fighting in that locality. 2. A battle now and again is well enough. 3. Paddy Ryan has retired from the ring. 4. Jimmy Elliott is confident that he can whip Ryan or any pugilist living.

S. M., Rappahannock, Va.—1. The popular vote for President in 1860 was, Fremont 1,342,144, Buchanan 1,803,029. 2. Jem Mace and Bob Travers only fought once as antagonists. 3. The Tipton Slaughter and Sam Hurst were never opponents in the prize ring.

M. W., Boston, Mass.—Peg Woffington was the name of a celebrated English actress who first appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, London, in Nov., 1740 as Sylvia in the "Recruiting Officer." It is claimed that she was one of the most beautiful women that ever appeared on the stage.

ATHLETE, Boston, Mass.—1. In regard to diet in training it depends almost entirely on previous habits, present condition and state of constitution as to what might or might not be taken. 2. Send for the "American Athlete" published by Richard K. Fox; it is acknowledged a standard work on training.

H. W., Ontonagon, Mich.—The oars are numbered from the bow of the boat towards the stern, number 1 being the bow oar, which together with all the odd numbers are on the right or starboard side of the boat, and all even numbers, including the last which is the stroke, on the left or larboard side.

H. G., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Heenan and Tom Hyer never fought in or out of the ring. 2. John Morrissey and Tom Hyer met at the Abbey on the Bloomingdale road Oct. 20, 1854, to fight. Morrissey said he was ready to commence hostilities when Hyer produced pistols and said he would fight with them. Morrissey refused and the matter dropped.

W. S., West Lafayette, Ind.—1. The Marseillaise Hymn, words and music, are ascribed to Rouget de Lill, a French engineer officer, who composed it in 1791 at the request of Marshal Luckner. 2. It derived its name from the body of troops from Marseilles marching into Paris in 1792 playing the tune. 3. Yes. The author was pensioned by Louis Philippe.

H. M., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Jerry Noon was born in 1827. He stood 5ft. 8in. in height and fought at 120 lbs. He was never defeated. Beat Young Greek, June, 1849, Bill Grey, Dec., 1849, Haseltine, April, 1850, draw with Jem Massey, Nov., 1850, forfeited to Bill Cain, June, 1851, beat Haseltine, Aug., 1852, George Lane, April, 1853, Green, Jan., 1854, and fought a draw with Bill Barry, Dec., 1854.

W. S., Austin, Texas.—1. Joe Coburn. 2. No. 3. Jem Mace and Joe Coburn met in a ring pitched five miles from Fort Dover, Canada, May 11, 1872. The pugilists were in the ring 1h. and 17m. and never struck a blow. On May 31, 1871, Mace and Coburn did fight for the championship at New Orleans. The fight lasted 3 hours and 28 minutes. Twelve rounds were fought and the fight ended in a draw.

PUGILIST, Williamsburg, Col.—1. The conditions under which the champion belt of England was held are that the holder must fight all comers within six months from the time of winning each battle or forfeit his claim thereto. He was not however compelled to fight for less than £200 a side unless he desired to do so, and the belt became the property of any pugilist who retained it for three years.

M. W., Sharpsburg, Md.—1. It was on Aug. 21, 1860, that Dan Kerrigan and James (Australian) Kelly fought for \$2,000 at Island Pond, Vermont. 2. Kerrigan's seconds were Johnny Monaghan and Jimmy White.

Harry Finnegan and Hen Winkle seconded Kelly. The battle was all in Kerrigan's favor from when Charley Godfrey called time to the finish. Kelly wanted to stop in the 24th round and in the 25th he struck a foul blow and Kerrigan was hailed the winner after 45 minutes fighting.

R. S., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. Lola Montes was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, in 1818. Her parents were English on the paternal and Spanish on the maternal side. A wealthy nabob sought her hand in marriage when she was a mere child but she was averse to the union and with a Captain James she ran away and contracted a clandestine marriage. He finally deserted her and she returned to Ireland to her mother and then selected the stage to gain a livelihood. She died in New York in Jan., 1861, and was buried in Greenwood cemetery.

JETHRO, Austin, Texas.—1. In the fight between Donnelly and Cooper eleven rounds were fought. In the first round Cooper was knocked down. He went down in the next three like Tug Wilson did when he met John L. Sullivan. In the fifth round Cooper fell with Donnelly on top of him. Cooper knocked Donnelly down in the 7th and 8th rounds and Cooper fell in the ninth. Donnelly knocked Cooper down in the ninth round and also in the tenth and in the eleventh Donnelly knocked Cooper down and he was unable to fight any longer.

H. M., Washington, D. C.—1. Commodore Esch Hopkins when he sailed from Delaware Capes, Feb. 17, 1776, had the device of a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking on his flag. 2. The first war vessel commissioned by Washington sailed under the Pine Tree Flag. 3. The flag displayed by Gen. Putnam of Prospect Hill, on July 13, was red, with "Qui transtulit sustinet" on one side and on the other side an appeal to heaven. 4. This last motto was adopted by the provincial congress of Massachusetts as the one to be borne on the flag of the congress of the colony—a white flag with a green pine tree.

G. W., Utica, N. Y.—1. Ben Caunt arrived in New York March 10, 1862. 2. He came to this country to see Charley Freeman, the American giant; in order to take him to England to match him against Bill Perry, the Tipton Slaughter. 3. The affair was hatched at Tom Spring's sporting drum at Holborn, London, England, April 15, 1862. 4. Freeman's height was 6ft. 10 1/2 inches and his weight about 260 lbs. Freeman and the Slaughter fought on the 16th, 18th and 20th of December, 1862. The first fight after 70 rounds in 4m., with about equal advantage, was interrupted by darkness; the second by the police, but in the third Freeman came out winner by Perry going down without a blow.

M. W., Detroit, Mich.—1. It was on Oct. 30, 1888, that Mike Trainor of New York and Joe Parish of Detroit fought for a purse at London, C. W. Mike was seconded by Johnny Lamasus and W. Scham with Johnny Mills for umpire. Parish was seconded by Mike Carroll and the Little Saddle with Bury Scham for umpire. Egan Muter was referee. Mike scaled 122 lbs. and Joe 142. 2. Nineteen rounds were fought in 27m. when Trainor lost by a foul. 3. Scotty of Brooklyn was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1835 and stands 5ft. 6 1/2 in. and when he fought Barney Aaron, Oct. 18, 1868, he weighed 125 lbs.

H. P. T., Eau Claire, Wisconsin.—1. The Great Eastern arrived in New York on June 23, 1860. 2. In 1853 the design and proportions of the ship were decided on by Mr. Brunel, the chief engineer of the company. The dimensions of the ship were to be 600ft. in length, 83ft. in breadth and 85 in depth, with screw and side wheel, engines of a combined power of 2,000 horse power. Six masts were provided, three of iron plates riveted like a steam boiler; the others of wood. The height of the masts were 170 to 180 feet from keel to trucks, the diameter of the larger masts being 2ft. 6in., that of the smaller 2ft. 9in. 3. According to Sir Isaac Newton and Bishop Walkins' dimensions of Noah's ark, the Great Eastern was longer in length but less in breadth.

W. W. S., Richmond, Va.—1. Mike McCoolle and Aaron Jones fought Aug. 21, 1867, at Busenbark's Station on the line of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad, about 21 miles from Porkopolis. 2. McCoolle's seconds were Sherman Thurston and Denny O'Brien, Jones being seconded by Jim Cusick and Donovan. Rufus Hunt of New Orleans was referee. 3. Thirty-four rounds were fought when McCoolle landed a terrific hit between Jones' eyes which sent him down all of a heap. He was carried to his corner, his head falling helplessly on one side, and when time was called for the next round he was senseless and his seconds elevated the sponge in token of his vanquishment after fighting 34m. 4. Yes, Jones was unconscious for ten minutes after the fight was over. He was conveyed to Hamilton, Ohio, in a carriage. McCoolle forced the fighting all along and Jones acted on the defensive. Jones was afterward conveyed to his place of training at Shady Grove, four miles from Cincinnati, O. 5. The blow which finished the fight was received by Aaron Jones upon the forehead and produced concussion of the brain and vomiting.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—Harry Gribben was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1834. He stood 5ft. 10 1/2 in. in height. At Liverpool, Eng., he began his fighting career by defeating Dillon in 15 rounds and 30 minutes. He next beat Lackey in 16 rounds and 20 minutes. Harry's luck changed when matched with Jim Clarke for £10 a side, 17th of Nov., 1846, for an obstinate fight of 36 rounds and 87 minutes brought Jim through as winner. Harry next fought Moreton for £10 a side at Tarbock Bottom near Liverpool on the 23d of Nov., 1846, and Harry won, beating that very efficient pugilist in 24 rounds in 30 minutes. Harry's last fight in England was with Mark Brooks of Bristol for £10 a side, at Olive Mount near Liverpool, on the 28th of June, 1847, when Mark beat Harry, shipshape and Bristol fashion, in 19 rounds. In Aug., 1867, he was matched to fight Joe Coburn for \$1,000. The battle was fought Nov. 13, 1867, at Bertecounty, Canada. Coburn weighed 145 lbs., Gribben 147 lbs. Coburn was seconded by Orville Gardner, and Jimmy White, Harry's seconding trainer, with Tom O'Donnell for umpire. Harry was seconded by Jack Pyeburn of Brooklyn and Hen Winkle of New York, with Johnny Monaghan as umpire. At the 21st round Harry came up in good trim and led off with his left but a chance blow from Joe's left struck a peculiarly dangerous point just below the line of the heart and the effect was a stunner for Harry, so that he was literally knocked out of time by this single blow, concluding the fight in thirty minutes. April 24, 1860, Harry Gribben and Ed Wilson fought for \$500 a side at Riker's Island. The battle ended in a draw after 50 rounds had been fought in 1h. 17 minutes.

Marion Bernard.

The charming face of Miss Marion Bernard presents to our readers the features of one of the most piquant and promising little actresses on the American stage. A soubrette of vast *chic* and keen humor, Miss Bernard has conquered a place for herself which is but the first of many successive upward steps, and the public has lost no time in testifying its appreciation of her efforts and abilities.

Tony Pastor.

Signor Antonio Pastor stands at the head of the variety managers of America, but he is something more. He is a theatrical magnate who belongs essentially to the drama of the metropolis. He was the first man to elevate the variety entertainment into legitimate and hon-

**MAGGIE KEPPEL,**

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN BLACK, THE
BROOKLYN CHILD STEALER.

orable status, and he has ever been the foremost in grafting upon it the best novelties of the time. As a manager Tony Pastor has become famous for honesty, liberality and gentlemanly dealing with all who have been brought in contact with him, as well as for a signal ability in picking out the best of subjects for popularity and in marshalling them before the public. As a man his geniality has won him an army of friends only surpassed by the legions of those which his artistic campaigns have conquered for him. In spite of his Italian cognomen Mr. Pastor is a New Yorker, and his native village has no occasion to be ashamed of him.

Louis A. Nelson.

[With Portrait.]

A "tony" sneak thief is Louis A. Nelson, alias Professor Slate, who has been raiding the good

**MLLE. THEO.**

people of Bluffton, Ind., for some time past under the mask of perfect innocence. He was finally caught in one of his thieveries on the 12th of July last and was taken into custody. He managed, however, to escape from the officers shortly after, and has not been seen since. The sheriff of Bluffton, M. M. Justus, offers a reward of \$25 for his detention.

Affection For Strong Color.

Horace Cushing, a handsome young foundryman of Cambridgeport, Mass., went to work in the Norwich, Conn., Iron Foundry four months ago. He boarded with Charles Congdon, a spruce colored waiter, who is employed in the Seaside Pavilion, at Osprey Beach. Congdon was much away from home, and in his absence the foundryman made love to his wife, Congdon suspecting nothing. Four weeks ago Cushing returned to

**LIZZIE SELDEN,**

THE LITTLE GIRL ABDUCTED FROM HER HOME
IN BROOKLYN.

Cambridgeport, owing his host \$80 for board. He wrote frequent letters to Mrs. Congdon, filled with expressions of love. On Aug. 23 Mrs. Congdon asked her husband to carry her valise to the depot, as she intended a trip to a country town—Franklin, near Norwich, where she has relatives. When Congdon returned from Osprey Beach that night he found that his wife had taken \$8, his watch and most of the clothing in the house and fled to Providence. He learned later that Cushing met her at Providence, where they passed the night going to Cambridgeport the next morning. Congdon has appealed to the police for the recovery of his property. He declares he will never live with his wife again. She is several shades lighter than her husband, and has no children. Cushing has been divorced from his wife.

**MARION BERNARD.**

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

**TONY PASTOR.**

[Photo. by Mora.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

Brained in Their Beds.

The Evansville, Ind., murder, which has already been described in these columns at some length, is still exciting the citizens of that town with its mysteries and horrors. We present this week portraits of the victims, Alex. Wieber and his wife, and also a portrait of Charles Carter who has been arrested on suspicion of having committed the awful deed. The murder it will



LOUIS A. NELSON,

ALIAS PROF. SLATE; THIEF, ESCAPED FROM OFFICERS AT BLUFFTON, IND.



ALEX. WIEBER,

MURDERED WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD IN HIS HOME AT EVANSVILLE, IND.



MRS. ALEX. WIEBER,

KILLED IN HER BED, BY MIDNIGHT ROBBERS, AT EVANSVILLE, IND.



CHARLES CARTER,

ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF BEING CONCERNED IN THE EVANSVILLE, IND., MURDER.

be remembered was committed during the night of August 12. Wieber kept a saloon on the outskirts of Evansville. The place is a lonely one, and the woods near it are said to be the haunt of tramps and gipsies. On the morning of Aug. 13, the driver of a beer wagon, who had come to serve the saloon entered the place and found that Wieber, his wife and his little son Frankie had all been killed by having their skulls beaten in with an old hatchet, and the murderer had made sure of his work: by afterwards cutting his victims' throats. The baby, aged three months, was found unharmed in its cradle, but spattered with its parents' blood. The house had been robbed, but the thieves and murderers had evidently been frightened off and had not secured

much plunder. The police at once set at work to run down the villains. The first arrest made was that of George Lenhardt, the proprietor of the property on which Wieber and family lived. It is said he desired to dispossess them, but they having a lease, he was unable to do so. He has been heard to make threatening remarks, and on one occasion asked his wife, it is said, if it would not be surprising some day to find them all dead. This coming to the ears of the officers

Constable Hutchins and Joe Nichtern, went to the depot where they were tendered a locomotive by Superintendent Walker, and they went out the road some nine miles, where they saw two men go into the woods. The engine was stopped and the officers arrested them. On searching them two bloody handkerchiefs and two razors were found. The officers returned to the city and took their prisoners to the scene of the murder; but they stoutly denied any knowledge

men told contradictory stories when questioned. Charles Carter, however, said he was from Mt. Vernon, and had arrived in the city in search of work. Failing to find it he had concluded to go to Grayville. Saturday night he stayed at the Sherwood House, and got up early Sunday morning to take up his journey. He met Voll out on the P. D. & E. road, and they were together until arrested. He explained his having bloody handkerchiefs and razors by saying he cut his fingers in Mt. Vernon, and had used the handkerchiefs to bind up the wound, and the razors were his tools, as he was a barber by trade. This was afterwards corroborated by a telephone message from Mt. Vernon. Lenhardt the landlord, however, is the one the officers cling to as the guilty party.



A BAD BOY'S TRICK.

"MA" RETURNS FROM THE COUNTRY TO FIND A STRANGE WOMAN'S TOGS PLACED IN "PA'S" ROOM BY HIS HOPEFUL SON, AT CHICAGO, ILL.



THE BROOKLYN KIDNAPPER.

LITTLE LIZZIE SELDEN DECEIVED FROM HER HOME BY A STRANGE WOMAN, WHO IS CAPTURED AFTER A GENERAL HUNT.



PRESTON A. RYMER,

MURDERED A COMRADE AT FORT LYON, COL., AND LYNCHED BY A MOB.

they at once arrested him. He is morose, gloomy and refuses to be interviewed. Previous to this the tracks of three men were found in the dust of the road leading from the direction of the Salt Wells bridge to the residence of Wieber. There were three parties, two of whom wore boots or shoes, and the other had a slipper on one foot, while the other had but the imprint of a stocking. Detective Newitt found him in bed, and in the condition described as regards his feet. He was taken to the scene of the murder, but refused to look at the terrible sight, and was taken to the lock-up.

Word reached Chief Pritchett that two men were seen going out the P. D. & E. track, and one of them had a bloody handkerchief. Chief Pritchett, John Resing, Detective Newitt,



THE SERENADERS AND THE BEES.

A QUAKER BRIDEGROOM UPSETS A DOZEN BEEHIVES ABOUT THE EARS OF A BAND OF SERENADERS, AT STILLWATER, IOWA.

SPORTING NEWS.

BETTING TO WIN.

"The Betting Man's Guide" tells how to invest in action and mutual pools and combinations, and describes the art of backing sporting events in all its details. It is an invaluable work to every person interested in the chances of sport. Price, by mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, N. Y.

THE driver of Flora Belle says she can pace in 2:10.

OLDFIELD is a new pitcher the Philadelphia propose to try.

ROBINSON, the Detroit's new man, is a Massachusetts amateur.

SEVERAL of the Troy nine will play with association nines next year.

EOLE is to be sent to England to compete in the cup race there next season.

BURDICK's average in fielding is .942. He leads the second basemen of the League.

ALTOONA, Pa., has a professional nine now that would like to meet league or American teams.

BASE-BALL is booming at Terre Haute, Ind. The Gray Stockings are the crack club of the town.

THE tug of war in the League comes in the next few weeks with the Eastern clubs in the West.

It is estimated that there are over one hundred Oscar Wilde Base-ball Clubs in the United States.

THOMAS RANKIN, of Troy, N. Y., succeeds Dickey Pearce as one of the official umpires of the League.

PROVIDENCE claims that the only changes to be made in her nine next year will be a new short-stop and catcher.

REMSEN, "Gentleman John," is playing with the Golden Eagles, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Rather a big come down for J. J.

GOODWIN's Tuff Guide contains all the winners and records of races won. It is in great demand among the betting men.

AT the Provincial rifle shooting match at St. Johns, N. B., Sergeant Loggie, 73d Battalion, won the first prize, the Prince of Wales' cup and \$10.

ALMOST every town on the line of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad boasts of a base-ball nine. Some of them are crack clubs, too.

AT Belleville, Canada, A. A. McDonald, the celebrated athlete, is being trained by Chas. McKinnon for engagements at various athletic meetings.

THE annual cricket match between picked eleven from America and Canada will be played on the Nicetown grounds on Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th.

THE three days' cricket game between the players of England and the Australians at the Oval, ended in victory for the English team in one inning, with 34 runs to spare.

DWYER BROTHERS have purchased of Captain James Franklin the yearling chestnut colt, by Enquirer out of Nevada (dam of Lake Blackburn), by Lexington. Price \$3,000.

ON Aug. 30 George Hazael arrived in New York from England to compete in the six-day race in October at Madison Square Garden. He brought his wife and family with him.

PAUL PATILLO, the St. Louis oarsman, refused to row Wise, the Canadian oarsman, while at Toronto. He showed the white feather and left for St. Louis to the disgust of Canadian sportsmen.

AT Machias, Me., Aug. 23, the bay gelding Comors of Boston made 2:28, the best time ever made on the course. The purse was \$500. S. B. Hill's b. g. Walter made 2:36 for a purse of \$50.

THE prize fight for \$1,000 and the championship of middle-weights, between Pat Perry, the middle-weight champion, and Peter Brealin, ended in the defeat of Perry. Further particulars in our next issue.

CORLIS, the English bicycle rider, when he broke the record and made twenty miles inside of an hour, July 27, fainted on the track. His life's ambition having been attained, he was married in London, August 3.

DEASELY of Boston, Stovey of Worcester, Dunlap and Shafer of Cleveland, Williamson of Chicago and Knight and Bennett of Detroit are understood to have received offers from either the Athletic or Philadelphia clubs.

THE first entry for the wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE medal and the light-weight collar-and-elbow championship is the POLICE GAZETTE's Unknown. He is a native of Erin's Isle, and is said to be a wonder.

AT the York race meeting, England, Aug. 23, the race for the great Ebor handicap stakes was won by H. Bragg's horse Victor Emmanuel, Lord Lascelle's colt Balliol second and R. Jardine's colt Ishmael third. There were nine starters.

IN the sixteen games played between the Athletic and Louisville Clubs, although the Athletics won eleven out of the sixteen, the runs stood: Athletics 80, Louisvilles 77. In the sixteen games played with the St. Louis Club the Athletics scored 127 runs to their opponents 96.

ON Aug. 25, at Wheelock's Grove, East St. Louis, Billy Lynch and Ed Whelan, middle-weight pugilists, fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring for \$400. The battle was a desperate one. Lynch gained first blood and first knock-down. Ten rounds were fought when Lynch knocked Whelan out of time.

THE fall games of the Pastime A. C. will take place Sept. 23 at Washington Park, on which occasion Frank Lambrecht, the amateur champion of America, will attempt to beat all records at putting the shot and throwing the hammer. On this occasion he will be happy to meet Curtis, Quickberner and all other heavy-weights.

AT New London, Conn., on Aug. 30, Dr. Appleton, of Boston, and E. T. Kirkland and G. Crayton Webb, of New York, guests of the Pequot House, engaged in a swimming match. The course was across

the mouth of the harbor, from the Edgecomb dock to the Pequot House dock, seven-eighths of a mile. Dr. Appleton won in 28 minutes.

ON Aug. 20, in a lumber yard in Chicago, Charles Hart and George, alias Plug, Martin fought a prize fight for \$500 a side. The pugilists are a couple of local middle-weights of considerable science. The fight lasted ten rounds and forty-three minutes. Hart won the first knock-down, first blood and the fight Martin was badly punished.

WE recently had a call from Billy Jordan, the famous master of ceremonies and referee in nearly every important match on the Pacific Slope. He resides in San Francisco, where he has a host of friends. Jordan came on to New York on a visit. He called at all the sporting houses and had a jolly time with the boys. He returned to Frisco on Aug. 23.

AT Hamilton, Ohio, Aug. 22, the Græco-Roman wrestling match between James Dunbar of Montreal, Canada, and Prof. J. Theurer was won by Theurer who gained the first fall in nine minutes and the second in five seconds. Theurer was most warmly congratulated, and was presented with a fine gold badge with a diamond in the centre by the citizens of Hamilton.

AT Crestline, Ohio, on Aug. 17, Dangerous Potter and Yank Scott, both colored pugilists, fought for a purse according to the Marquis of Queensbury's improved rules. Potter knocked Scott out of time in the fourth round, and afterwards challenged any colored man in the State of Ohio to fight for \$100 to \$1,000. Two other hard fights under the London rules took place. The parties were not named and the fighting was under no rules.

AUGUST 23, at the Albany, N. Y., annual Scottish games, E. W. Johnston of Hamilton, Canada, accomplished a great feat at tossing weights. He competed against Duncan C. Ross, Donald Dinnie and a host of others. Johnston tossed the caber 41ft. 11in. Dinnie threw 41ft. 9in. and Ross 41ft. 7in. The caber was the regulation one and it was the first time Donald Dinnie was ever defeated. The best caber tossing performance is 44ft. 6in., made by E. W. Johnston at Albany, N. Y., in 1880.

THE following explains itself:
BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: As champion fencer of the world, I offer my services as a performer in fencing, sword, rapier, foil, knife, bayonet, lance and cane exercise at your place, challenging any professor or amateur in these arts to try my ability. I am willing to contest against two or four at once. Expecting to hear through the POLICE GAZETTE of a reply, I remain,
CHARLES ENGELBRECHT,
Champion Fencer of America.

AFTER purchasing Bend Or for \$10,000, Capt. W. M. Connor resold him to Mr. Kelso, of Philadelphia. He has started in eleven races this year, has won eight and was placed second in two. He has run a mile and half a furlong in 1:49, and won heats of mile and half a furlong in 1:40½, 1:40, 1:51½, winning second and third heats; one mile and 500 yards in 2:10½, the fastest and best race ever run at the distance, and a mile with 140 pounds in 1:45; a mile and a half in 2:35½. In all his races he has carried high weights and run in the best of company.

HERE is what an English sporting man thinks of Tug Wilson:

MIDLAND CITY, MICH., Sept. 23, 1882.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: Please state in your great sporting journal, which is in great demand with this way, that I witnessed the Tug Wilson fight with Teddy Carney, and believe him to be the best and gamest fighter in England. Carney was a mere child in his hands, and would have been defeated in 15 or 20 minutes in my opinion had he faced him, but he was afraid of Tug from the first—and at the same time thought to be one of the most scientific boxers of the day until he met Tug Wilson. Yours,
HENRY ARTHUR.

THE single-scul boat race between Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, N. Y., and George W. Lee of Scriba, Oswego Co. N. Y., was rowed on Canadaway Lake, Richfield Springs, N. Y., Sept. 1. The race was for a purse of \$1,500, the distance three miles, one mile and a half and turn. The race was won by Courtney, who beat the best time on record, rowing a surveyed three mile course in 19m. 31¼s. Lee also beat the best time on record. Lee's time was 19m. 35¼s. Courtney's performance is a wonderful one and he should not hesitate for one moment in challenging Wallace Ross. According to the POLICE GAZETTE record the previous fastest three mile single-scul race with a turn was rowed by Courtney at Owego, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1877, —20m. 14¼s.

THE following challenge explains itself:
NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: Seeing no reply from any of the male professional bicyclists to W. J. Morgan's challenge to race any man in America a fifty mile race (barring J. S. Prince), I will race Morgan twenty-five miles if he will allow me two miles start, from \$100 to \$250 a side. The race to be open to any professional bicyclist who will put up the money required and allow the above handicap (barring J. S. Prince.) Race to take place ten days from signing articles.

M'LE LOUISE ARMAINDO,
Champion Bicyclence.

ALL arrangements were made at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Sept. 1 for a grand local sailing regatta which is to be held on New York bay on Sunday, Sept. 10. The race will be over a twelve mile triangular course and open to all nineteen foot sail boats. The first prize will be a valuable gold championship trophy presented by Mr. Richard Ganley of the first precinct of the metropolitan police force. The regatta is to be under the management of Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who will also appoint the referee. The start will be made at 11 A. M. at the Battery and the contesting boats will make three turns, rounding a stakeboat stationed at Red's Island, then round on stationed at South Gowanus and a stakeboat at the Battery. All the owners of crack nineteen foot boats in this vicinity have entered and it is expected that a fleet of twenty will start.

THE Typo's trophy is stirring up the athletes of the "case," it seems, as is evidenced by the following:
NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: I will match Charles Eichele against S. H. Lucas (winner of the POLICE GAZETTE medal given by

Richard K. Fox to the printers of New York) a one-hour go-as-you-please foot-race for a gold medal of the value of one hundred dollars. The race to come off at any time or place that would suit Mr. Lucas' convenience within six weeks from date. I will meet Mr. Lucas any time and place he may designate to make the match. Respectfully,
H. F. JACOBY.

ON August 30 Tug Wilson with his trainer, George Holden, sailed on the Indiana for Liverpool. Richard K. Fox, his backer, Arthur Chambers and a host of sporting men saw the pugilists off. Tug said that he would return to America next month with his wife and three children. His wife has been ill for several months and he thinks that her health will be better in this country. On his return he will go into active training for his fight with Elliott on Nov. 23. He has between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in cash and with it he will open a saloon somewhere in Philadelphia. He is anxious to fight Sullivan. He will return with his family in October, when he will go into training for his fight with Elliott. Many of the wisacres believe Tug will not return but they are wrong; for Wilson says there are dollars in this country to be made where he cannot make pennies in England and that fact alone would be sufficient to bring him back on time.

THE POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at St. Paul, Minn., writes that on Aug. 13, at St. Vincent, Minn., Jack S. Barnes of Rhode Island, the sprint runner, and Joe Du Champ of Pembina, Dakota, fought in Barnes' Hall, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for the gate money and a purse. A large crowd assembled to witness the affair. In the first round the men acted on the defensive, each trying to gain some knowledge of the other's modus operandi. A few light blows were exchanged and they each sought the sponge. At the opening of the second round big Joe began forcing the fight to his sorrow. Barnes commenced a fusillade on his nasal appendage which caused that organ to weep copiously. Barnes received a sockdolager in the ribs which caused him to reel. The third round opened with some very pretty work on each side, when they clinched and Barnes showed he was much the better wrestler as he picked up the Pembina giant and planted him squarely on his back.

AT the Lone Fisherman's Inn, Erie, Pa., on Aug. 25, the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for glass ball shooting was for the seventh time competed for. Nine marksmen competed for the trophy and shot at 25 glass balls at 21 yards rise. The following are the contestants and their scores: J. E. Doran broke 23 out of 25; John E. Graham, of the rifle team Butler & Graham, 22; W. W. Derby, 21; J. Forness, 21; C. Van Eiten, 19; J. Jarecki, 19; Frank E. Butler, 18; J. Tattle, 18. As the score shows, John E. Doran, of Ashland, won the medal at this shoot and first money. John E. Graham won second money. W. W. Derby and Jacob Forness shot off five balls for third money and the money went to Derby, who made five straight. In the pigeon shoot John E. Graham won first money and W. W. Derby second. The medal is now held as follows: Jacob Graham once, Theo W. Jarecki once, C. Van Eiten twice and John E. Doran three times. The next and last shoot will decide the ownership of the handsome trophy.

A NUMBER of gentlemen drove to Hiram W. Howe's Prospect Park club house yesterday afternoon, having been invited by Mr. Richard K. Fox to witness a trial of his \$10,000 trotter, "Police Gazette," whose record is 2:22. The party comprised James Keenan of Boston, formerly owner of the mare, David Scott, Esq., Isaac M. Hudson, Bryan Hughes, James O'Kane, Wm. F. McCoy, George H. Sandison, Frank Stevenson, John Hackett, August Niederstadt, Patrick Duffy, Wash La Brie, B. G. Hughes, William E. Harding and others. Hiram Howe soon had the mare ready but decided that he could only speed her on quarter miles, as she is slightly lame from her recent railroad ride from Iowa. In a week or so when she has fully recovered she will be speeded with the intention of entering her in some of the fall races in this vicinity. After the mare had been warmed up Howe let her try a quarter mile which she made in 30s. Another quarter was made in 35s. and then to the surprise of every one she trotted a quarter in 34s. without a skip. The party afterwards sat down to an elegant dinner as the guests of Mr. Fox and the host and his magnificent horse were toasted in flowing bumpers.—N. Y. Daily News.

ON Aug. 30 a number of prominent sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to ascertain if there was any truth in the report that Tug Wilson had refused to fight James Elliott and that he was going to England. Richard K. Fox, who is furnishing the \$2,500 that Tug Wilson is to fight for on Nov. 23 within 100 miles of New Orleans, La., was found with Patrick Duffy, brother to Sheriff Duffy of New Orleans, La., who managed the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight last February. Mr. Fox stated that he knew Tug Wilson was going to England and that had nothing to do with forfeiting the stakes. He said Wilson is going to bring over his family; that George Holden, who will train him for the coming fight, will accompany him. Tug Wilson will return before Oct. 3, when the second deposit of \$1,000 a side is to be posted, and he will then have six weeks to train. Mr. Fox left last night for Philadelphia to see Tug Wilson off and bid him bon voyage. He said the report that the fight will not take place was premature and there was no truth in the statement.

MICHAEL DONAHUE, the famous collar-and-elbow wrestler, is anxious to wrestle any man in America at 140 pounds for \$250 a side and the light-weight championship of America. On Aug. 31 Donahue called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$50 forfeit and left the following challenge:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: I hereby challenge any man in Canada or the United States to wrestle me collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, four weeks from signing articles, for \$250 a side and the light weight championship of America—Taylor, of Fisherville, N. H., preferred. I will allow any of the would-be light-weight champions expenses to wrestle in New York or take expenses to wrestle in Boston. This challenge is open to all 140 pound wrestlers in America. I have posted \$50 with Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to prove I mean business, and if my challenge is not accepted I shall claim the light-weight championship. Any of the many would-be champions can be accommodated with a match by sending articles and a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE. If Hutchins, Montgomery, Carroll and Taylor are as eager to wrestle me in the flesh as they are on paper now is their opportunity. I am, respectfully yours,
MICHAEL DONAHUE,
(Whose money says he is the Light-Weight champion.)

AT Jones' Wood, on Aug. 26, the athletic games of the Printer's Benevolent Association attracted a large crowd. Phillip J. Scannell, the president managed the affair. The principal event was the one hour go-as-you-please for the POLICE GAZETTE medal offered by Richard K. Fox. Four contestants started, viz.: S. H. Lucas, employed at Speer's printing office, Charles Eichele of the Spectator press rooms, J. W. Petrie, of the Iron Age, and W. L. Speer, of the Star composing room. Eichele was a great favorite and 5 to 3 were freely offered and eagerly taken on him. The men were in splendid condition. At precisely twenty-seven minutes past five a pistol shot sent the men off and Lucas at once took the lead. Eichele, following the instructions of his trainer, ran a waiting race. The pace was a hot one from the start and when 15 minutes had elapsed the positions of the men remained unchanged, Lucas having a lead of a quarter of a lap. Petrie and Speer running well together and Eichele a half lap behind the leader. Here Eichele was ordered to force the pace and though he succeeded in taking second place it was not until fifty minutes of the hour had expired that he succeeded in overtaking Lucas. A desperate struggle now ensued for first place and the men, cheered on by their friends, exerted themselves to the utmost. Lucas however had the most staying power and foot by foot gained on his adversary until he had attained a lead of a quarter of a lap which he held to the finish, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on the part of Eichele to cut it down. Lucas accomplished 8¼ miles in the hour which considering the condition of the track, was regarded by experts present as remarkably good time.

THERE is every prospect of another great wrestling match being arranged for the championship of America at catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling. After Joe Acton, of Philadelphia, the English champion, defeated Edwin Bibby and surprised the sporting world by his science and agility, he posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office and issued a challenge to wrestle Wm. Muldoon, Clarence Whistler or any man in the world either in catch-as-catch-can or Græco-Roman style for \$1,000 a side and the championship. None of the wrestlers who claim to be champions replied to the challenge, and Acton's money was returned, as Muldoon, Whistler, Bibby and the rest of the wrestling division appeared afraid to meet him. Whistler now decides to meet the English champion, and on Aug. 29 Richard K. Fox received \$50 forfeit and the following acceptance by telegraph:

KANSAS CITY, MO., Aug. 28, 1882.

To Richard K. Fox, Prop'r POLICE GAZETTE, N. Y.:
SIR: In reply to the recent challenge of Joe Acton, of Philadelphia, to wrestle any man in the world for \$1,000 a side, catch-as-catch-can, state in the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE that I will wrestle Acton for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world, the match to be decided at Cincinnati, Chicago or Kansas City. To prove I mean business I have forwarded you \$50 forfeit.
CLARENCE WHISTLER.

Acton is anxious for a match and no doubt he will agree to meet Whistler. Both are wonderful wrestlers, and a bona fide match between them will create no little interest.

A LARGE crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Aug. 29, expecting to witness Jimmy Elliott (who is now matched to fight Tug Wilson for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, on November 23) and the POLICE GAZETTE's unknown arrange a prize fight for \$2,000. It will be remembered that on August 24, Richard K. Fox offered to match an unknown to fight Elliott for \$1,000 a side, independent of the Elliott and Wilson match. On the 26th, Elliott and his backer, John Styles, agreed to arrange the match providing Richard K. Fox would agree to allow the fight to take place within four weeks from signing articles. Wm. E. Harding, Mr. Fox's representative, would not accede to the POLICE GAZETTE's unknown fighting at such short notice until the mysterious pugilist had been consulted about the matter. On the 27th the unknown was notified and replied that he would be willing to fight in four weeks. Elliott and his backers were duly notified to appear on August 29th, at 10 A. M., and Richard K. Fox posted \$50 with Harry Hill to show that he was in earnest. At the hour named a large crowd of sporting men were present eager to know who was the POLICE GAZETTE's unknown and to see the match arranged. Richard K. Fox gave Wm. E. Harding full power to arrange the match, and everything was ready for signing articles, but neither Elliott nor his backer, John Styles, appeared. Among the sporting men present were: Courtney, of Brooklyn, formerly a backer of Sam Collyer, the pugilist; James Patterson, E. W. Johnston, the Canadian athlete, Duncan C. Ross, Jacoby, the backer of Whistler, Johnny Stack, James Saunders, Leonard Tracey and a host of other noted sports. The crowd waited around the office until the unknown arrived, who was no less a personage than Mike Donovan, and when they did not see Elliott arrive they left in disgust.

NEARLY every state from Maine to Oregon boasts of a light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler. In New York there are Carroll of Hoosick Falls, Michael Donahue of Brooklyn, P. Dempsey and Joe Ryan. In Vermont there are Soules, Maguire and a host of other noted trippers who think they are invincible. In New Hampshire Taylor of Fisherville is the champion. In Boston, Mass., there are Hutchins, Montgomery and several others, while Colorado boasts of Bolac and Tracey. Nearly all these athletes claim to be the champion light weight collar-and-elbow wrestler but it is a hard matter to decide who is the real champion. In order to settle this mooted question Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has decided to offer a valuable trophy to be competed for, and the winner will be considered the light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of America. The championship trophy will be the POLICE GAZETTE medal for collar-and-elbow wrestling and a sketch of the emblem will appear in the POLICE GAZETTE before the contest takes place. The first tournament for the trophy will be held at the Alhambra sporting theatre, West 27th street, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27 and 28. Any wrestler who does not exceed 140lbs. will be allowed to compete for the prize. The entrance fee will be \$5 and will be equally divided between the winner of the trophy and the one who rates second in the competitions of the tournament. All wrestlers who desire to contend will send their names to the POLICE GAZETTE, which will manage the affair. The trophy is open to all comers and the POLICE GAZETTE rules of collar-and-elbow wrestling will govern the contest. The winner of the trophy will have to defend it against all comers for six months.

LORILLARD's string at Newmarket, at last accounts, were doing good work. Iroquois, Gerald and Sachem were taking long gallops, and Nereid, Forget-Me-Not and Aranza were doing their mile at a steady sweating pace.

THE great wrestling match between Clarence Whistler, the "wrestling demon," and Tom Cannon, the famous English wrestler, was decided at the Board of Trade Hall, Kansas City, Aug. 25. The match came about in this way: Cannon after arriving at Philadelphia from England was sent to Chicago in order to meet Christol, Muldoon or Whistler. Falling to arrange a match with the two former he issued a challenge to wrestle Clarence Whistler either Græco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can style for \$250 or \$1,000 a side. Whistler at once agreed to meet Cannon and Dennis Mullin, Whistler's jockey, agreed to find the sinews of war for him to meet the English expert. Articles of agreement were signed between Whistler and Cannon to wrestle catch-as-catch-can best two in three falls Lancashire style for \$500, Whistler allowing Cannon expenses to wrestle in Kansas City. After the stakes were posted the contest was the great theme of conversation in sporting circles and large sums of money were wagered on the result. Cannon was born in Manchester, Eng., in 1852. He stands 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 170lbs. Cannon when a mere boy began work in the coal mines of his country where he soon developed a wonderful amount of muscle and gained considerable local notoriety as a wrestler. At the age of 17 he left the mines and began the career of an athlete. During the thirteen years of his professional life he has met every wrestler in England and has been downed but once. In 1879 he met Ed. Bibby at Holdram in a match for \$250 a side and defeated him. Subsequently he again met Bibby and defeated him. He met John Smith in London during the early part of Dec., 1880, and threw him 1. fine style for a purse of \$2,500. John Graham is the only man who has the honor of having downed Cannon twice out of three rounds. They wrestled in London on the 4th of July, 1880, for \$1,000. They wrestled back holds and Graham proved too much for his man. In 1879 he won the first prize in a Græco-Roman competition against all comers. Cannon's last match in England was against Joe Acton. The conditions were French style, the best of five falls for \$200 and the championship of the world. The match was decided at London, Eng., and thousands assembled to witness the contest. Both men came to the mark in splendid condition and each of the rivals had many supporters. The contest was an exciting one. Acton won the first fall in 7m. 15s. In the second round Acton seized Cannon from behind, pinning one of his hands, then by a sudden movement he lifted Cannon in the air and dashed him head downwards on to the floor and at the same time falling upon him. The thud was heard all over the building and Cannon was knocked senseless and out of time. Restoratives were applied but to no purpose and Graham humanely gave in for his man and Acton was declared the winner. The last round only occupied about three minutes and a half so the match was all over in 26 minutes. Some few minutes afterwards Cannon recovered consciousness but even had he had an hour's rest he would not have been fit to wrestle.

Cannon informed the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent that he came to this country in May and that he went to Chicago to meet Wm. Muldoon, who was giving exhibitions under the title of the world's champion. Cannon dropped into the theatre one night with a friend to witness the show. Muldoon came forward and offered to bet \$100 that there was not a professional man nor any amateur in the world who could down him in 15 minutes and that he would also bet another \$100 that he could throw Tom Cannon in less time than an hour. Cannon immediately went forward and began to strip for the wrestle when Muldoon waived him off and said he would not wrestle without having 24 hours' notice. Cannon then gave him the notice he craved but the next night the windy champion of the world failed to meet the English athlete. Muldoon was roundly hissed for the course he took. Clarence Whistler was born in America. He stands 5ft. 7in. and weighs 160lbs., Indiana being his native state. At an early age he went west and at Omaha in 1873 first came into prominence by a contest with Lucien Marc whose collar bone he broke in the first round. Afterward he traveled through the country and in 1879 went to Kansas City and wrestled with a young man named Murphy from New York, winning a mixed match with ease, and next appeared in New York in 1880 and defeated Thomas Quigley, Græco-Roman style, and had two contests with Bibby, both of which resulted in a draw. He was then challenged by Muldoon with whom he wrestled for eight hours and a half, at the end of which time the lights were turned out and the contest declared a draw. Since that time he has met nearly every professional wrestler in this country and has never yet lost a match for money. On the day set for the struggle between Whistler and Cannon sporting men gathered from all parts of the country to witness it and the Sazerac, one of the leading sporting houses of Kansas City, was packed with betting men. Whistler was a heavy favorite but Cannon had plenty of supporters who backed him heavily. At the scene of the contest long before the doors of the Board of Trade hall were opened hundreds assembled to gain admittance and by 8:30 p. m. fully two thousand persons were in the building. After the preliminaries were arranged the athletes came into the arena and were loudly cheered. Whistler appeared broader in the shoulders than Cannon, although the latter showed splendid muscular development. All being ready the athletes grasped each other as provided by the rules and the contest began. Cannon displayed the greater science and evidently knew more about the game than Whistler, for he soon gained an advantage and threw him fairly, amid the cheers of the crowd. Whistler's backers were surprised at Cannon's agility and many tried to hedge their money, supposing from the form Cannon displayed that he must win. In the second bout Cannon did not appear to be so eager to push matters and Whistler won the second fall. Again the betting changed and Whistler's backers offered \$100 to \$50. In the final bout the contest was very interesting and both athletes struggled hard to win. Whistler finally managed to secure a favorite hold on Cannon and in spite of the latter's efforts threw him, winning the fall and match. The first bout lasted 13 minutes, the second 3 minutes and the third 3 minutes. Mr. E. A. Hill was chosen referee and Andy Cassamer and Ed. the "Wizard," umpires. Whistler showed up in the best form.

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